



A JOURNAL OF PRACTICAL REFORM, DEVOTED TO THE ELEVATION OF HUMANITY IN THIS LIFE, AND A SEARCH FOR THE EVIDENCES OF LIFE BEYOND.

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## GEMS OF THOUGHT.

(From the Chinese Classics.)

Knowledge is boundless.  
Sincerity is the way to heaven.  
Have no friends not equal to yourself.  
Let the will be set on the path of duty.  
Friendship with the glib-tongued is injurious.  
Hold faithfulness and sincerity as first principles.  
Death and life have their determined appointments.  
Let your words be few, and your companions select.  
Command your thoughts and you may become wise.  
To see what is right, and not do it, is want of courage.  
If the mind is agitated, the spirit becomes exhausted.  
We should make it the business of our lives to control our temper.  
Cultivate all the beatitudes and tender thoughts toward one another.  
Contentment furnishes constant joy. Much covetousness, constant grief.  
There are plenty of acquaintances in the world, but very few real friends.  
Happy is he who fights with himself; wretched who contends with others.  
Happy union with wife and children, is like the music of lutes and harps.  
Learning without thought is labor lost; thought without learning is perilous.  
Kindly words do not enter so deeply into men as a reputation for kindness.  
There never has been a man trained to benevolence who neglected his parents.  
What the superior man seeks, is in himself. What the mean man seeks, is in others.  
It is better to believe that a man does possess good qualities than to assert that he does not.  
Be strong to do good; that is all your business; as to the accomplishment of great results, that is with heaven.  
When we do not, by what we do, realize what we desire, we must turn inward, and examine ourselves in every point.  
When one cultivates to the utmost the principles of his nature, and exercises them in the principle of reciprocity, he is not far from the path. What you do not like, when done to yourself, do not do to others.  
By weighing, we know what things are heavy. By measuring, we know what things are long, and what short. The relations of all things may be thus determined, and it is of the greatest importance to estimate the motions of the mind.

## The Truth About Origen.

[By WILLIAM L. COLEMAN.]

Dr. T. B. Taylor stated in the GOLDEN GATE that Origen, one of the Christian Fathers, advocated lying for Christ's sake. I inquired concerning the Doctor's authority for this statement. In reply, he refers me to "Mosheim's Ecclesiastical History," a passage from which so asserting, he says, can be found in Kersey Graves' "Sixteen Crucified Saviours," in J. M. Peebles' writings, and in other careful writers. In Mr. Graves' work, page 293, I find the following: "Mosheim tells us that among the early Christians, 'it was an almost universally adopted maxim that it was an act of virtue to deceive and lie, when by so doing they could promote the interest of the church.'" (Mosheim, vol. 1, p. 198). And in Dr. Peebles' "Jesus' Myth, Man, or God," page 65, note, is found this: "Dr. Mosheim admits that early in the fourth century it was an almost universally adopted maxim, 'that it was an act of virtue to deceive and lie, when by such means the interests of the Church might be promoted.'" (Eccl. Hist., vol. 1, p. 381, 382.) This asserted quotation from Mosheim I have been familiar with for many years, being contained in a number of freethinking works. But what has this so-called quotation to do with Origen? No reference is made to him or to any other of the Church Fathers; it certainly does not state that Origen advocated lying for Christ's sake. It is a general statement implying that all the fourth-century Fathers adopted this pernicious "maxim"; and it gives no warrant for selecting one of the early Fathers, and publishing the statement that "Origen, one of the Fathers," so advocated. Moreover, Origen was not a fourth-century Father at all; he was born in the second century and died in the middle of the third century. He was therefore dead fifty years before the adoption of the aforesaid maxim by the Church, according to the alleged quotation of Dr. Peebles.

I say "alleged quotation," for both in Mr. Graves' book and Mr. Peebles' the statement is inserted between quotation marks as if it were a genuine *verbatim* quotation from Mosheim's work; whereas a careful search of Mosheim's "History" discloses the fact that no such passage can be found in it. It appears to be based upon certain statements in Book 1, century iii, part ii, chapter iii, section 10 (Mosheim's translation, New York, 1851, vol. 1, p. 183). In this section Mosheim informs us that in the discussions relative to the truth of Christianity and the falsity of the pagan religions the Christian doctors were not scrupulous as to the means employed to defeat their opponents in argument, and "therefore considered it of no importance, whether an antagonist were confounded by base artifices or by solid arguments." Mosheim then continues: "Thus that mode of disputing, which the ancients called economical, and which had victory rather than truth for its object, was almost universally approved." The phrase, "was almost universally approved," in this genuine passage from Mosheim, is evidently the foundation of the other phrase, "was an almost universally adopted maxim," in Graves' and Peebles' works. An examination of the so-called quotations in Graves' and Peebles' books, taken in connection with the real language and ideas of Mosheim as stated above, shows at once how the former is stretched so as to cover much more than Mosheim actually states or intends to convey; in other words, the quotation is inaccurate and garbled. The only thing Mosheim says was, "almost universally approved," was that mode of disputing which had victory rather than truth for its object, the passage refers exclusively to the controversial literature of that period. As garbled and misquoted, Mosheim is made to state as the almost universal maxim of the Church, that it was an act of virtue to deceive and lie for the sake of the Church,—a system of action of universal application not limited to controversies with opponents and literary productions only to which Mosheim really confines it. My opinion is that Dr. Peebles did not derive this quotation and the others from the same author to which I shall presently allude, direct from Mosheim's work, but that he

copied them second-handed from some preceding writer, without verifying their correctness; and that Mr. Graves also did the same with his quotation, but incorrectly as usual,—it seeming almost an impossibility for Mr. Graves to quote a sentence from another writer in a strictly correct or *verbatim* manner.

Dr. Peebles also says, in his same book ("Jesus' Myth, etc.," p. 37), that Mosheim tells us (vol. 1, p. 130) the doctrine, "that it was not only lawful, but commendable, to deceive and lie for the sake of truth and piety, early spread among the Christians of the second century." The quotation is not exact, being a paraphrase, with much of the exact language of Mosheim (Book i, century ii, part ii, chapter iii, section 15, Murdock's translation, vol. 1, p. 130). But the next following remark of Mosheim explains in what manner this vice was exhibited among the Christians of that and following centuries. It was, says he, by "the numerous forgeries of books under the names of eminent men—the sibylline verses and other similar trash." And he thus continues: "I would not say that the orthodox Christians forged all the books of this character; on the contrary, it is probable that the greater part of them originated from the founders of the *Gnostic* sects. Yet that the Christians who were free from heterodox views were not wholly free from this fault, is too clear to be denied." Here again, an evil principle, exhibited principally in literary work of a spurious character, has been stated, in the quotation from Mosheim, given in Mr. Peebles' book, in such a form as to indicate it to be of universal application, rather than of being for the most part confined to book-forgeries. No reference is made also to the fact that these forgeries were attributed by Mosheim mostly to the heretical sects of Christians, the offshoots and extravagancies rather than to the regular orthodox church of the age.

Dr. Peebles further says (pp. 37, 38): "The church historian further admits (vol. i, 155) that 'pious frauds and impostors were among the causes of the extension of Christianity.'" What Mosheim does say is this: "If, what I would not pertinaciously deny, pious frauds and impositions deserve a place among the causes of the extension of Christianity, they doubtless hold the lowest place, and were employed only by a few." This conveys quite a different impression from the brief statement in Dr. Peebles' book. Dr. Peebles further informs us (p. 65, note) that Mosheim says, "that *pious frauds* were approved of by the Christians as early as the time of Hermas." I fail to find any such remark in Mosheim, and the only thing at all analogous thereto I am able to discover is this. Mosheim (i, 77-78,) in referring to the book called the *Shepherd of Hermas*, says, "The writer, if he is indeed sane, deemed it proper to forge dialogues, held with God and angels, in order to insinuate what he regarded as salutary truths, more effectually into the minds of his readers." This is a different thing from saying that "pious frauds were approved by the Christians as early as the time of Hermas," though there is no doubt that really a portion of the Christians *did* approve of pious frauds before the date of Hermas, as various spurious books were written by Christians ere that time. No doubt Mosheim could have said with truth more damaging things than he did concerning the unscrupulousness of the early church; but in quoting from his writings, care should be taken that he is correctly reported, and he should not be garbled and distorted, as is often done, so that he is made to assert that to which he never gave utterance.

It is true that Eusebius, the earliest ecclesiastical historian, did advocate the suppression and distortion of truth to advance the interests of the church; and his writings attest that he scrupled not to practice this evil principle, but not in the wholesale and outrageous manner charged against him by some reckless, rabid freethinking critics. Had Dr. Taylor said that Eusebius, instead of Origen, advocated lying for Christ's sake, no exception would have been taken to the statement; but as I had never heard it broached before that Origen had advocated Christian lying, I thought Dr. Taylor had made a mistake in so affirming. However, it was possible that he might have some information concerning Origen of which I was in ignorance; hence my query to him. His reply shows that I was right; the Doctor

had no authority for naming Origen as specially so advocating. Mosheim says nothing of Origen teaching such doctrine; and, so far as I know, no one has ever found such a principle inculcated in his writings. With all the other controversialists of the third century, Origen seems to have been infected with the so-called *economical* mode of disputation. Rigid adherence to fact and valid, legitimate argument can not be truthfully predicated of "Origen's Reply to Celsus," etc. Conscientious scrupulousness in argument and quotation is very rare, even in this age of the world, while, in the days of Origen and Eusebius, it was practically unknown. At that time the world had not attained an intelligent comprehension of the *theoretical* standard of exact truth now current. While it is doubtless true that Origen and all the other fathers failed to be rigidly truthful in their labors for Christian propagandism, yet I know of nothing in Origen's writings in advocacy of lying for Christ's sake.

PRESIDIO OF SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

## "The Re-Incarnation Craze."

That title does not sound well, nor is the article under it very generous. I would like to inform T. B. Taylor, M. D., that Mr. Stoddard does not, by any means, stand alone in his idea of re-incarnation; and the assertion that "there is not a thinking person in all the world that would be willing to accept a doctrine so unreasonable," is a very broad one. Many of the world's greatest thinkers, both ancient and modern, hold it as tenable and more than a mere theory, and to the writer of this article there is no phase of evolution more clear, more beautiful, or more soul-satisfying, than this evolutionary process of the spirit from lower to higher conditions, gaining something with each term of earth-experience, until it reaches a state of perfection that is independent of earth conditions. To me it is a beautiful thought that by a law of our being the lowest humanity is linked with the highest divinity, and that though "heaven is not reached at a single bound," we may climb the ladder, round by round; and, if in this process of re-incarnation, the once king must return and enter a new existence through lowly conditions of birth, it is that he may gain soul-wealth by the experience;—perhaps, having as a king ruled with tyranny, he needs to learn humanity through humility; hence, the retrograde would be only in seeming as the result would be soul-development.

To have occupied more than one form seems no more strange to me than to have lived in several houses. We do not lose our individuality or identity when we move from one house to another. Why should we seem to be merely laying off the worn-out form and taking on another? Neither do we need to fear loss of those we love, for aught that is truly ours can not be lost to us. The poet has well said:

"By a power to thought unknown,  
Love shall ever seek its own.  
Sundered not by time or space,  
With no distant dwelling place,  
Soul shall answer unto soul,  
As the needle to the pole."

All that nature made our own will cling to us through all conditions.

To me there is nothing in this idea of re-incarnation that in the least conflicts with the general view of life in the spirit world. The period of our existence in this world is governed by a law of our being. Our time of sojourn in the spirit world will, no doubt, be subject to a like natural law of the spirit, dependent, undoubtedly, to a great extent on the earthly or heavenly affinity to decide by the law of natural gravitation where each soul belongs.

I hold that what we call our "natural gifts" are but marked qualifications reached in a previous existence. Why are some children so much more precocious than others? I never (I might say), learned to read;—it was a natural gift from my earliest lisping infancy. I can not remember ever being taught the rudiments.

A bible, awarded me as a prize, by the teacher of my bible-class—St. Paul's Episcopal Sunday school, Brooklyn, New York—bears date before my fifth year; and long before that time I was a regular

reader of anything, as my father, still living, can affirm. He says I read before I was three years old. I can not remember when I could not read. I do not speak of this in the way of vain boasting, but to awaken thought in the direction of whence come our prodigies? Instance, Blind Tom, with his musical talent, and others equally strange.

The idea of re-incarnation was born with me. I was called a peculiar child, for I was continually speaking of things which to me seemed real remembrances—to my friends, imagination only, of course;—and, though I do not feel bound to account for every dream I may have, yet I have had many experiences in my life that warrants my convictions of a previous existence in human form and as an inhabitant of earth. And what is there strange about it? We, as adults, can hardly be said to retain the same physical body we were born in; it has been continually changing—throwing off and taking on. As the poet says:

"The moment we begin to live we all begin to die."

And yet we hold "there is no death, what seems so is transition." The chrysalis is but the developing form, from which emerges the bright-winged butterfly, the most beautiful illustration we have of the higher birth, and fully as wonderful.

And now, in defense of Bro. Stoddard (who appears almost to stand alone in the GOLDEN GATE, and, consequently, needs the support of his endorsers), I will say, that to me re-incarnation is a *fixed fact*, and I well know that we two are not the only persons who entertain that "preposterous" idea.

Call us "hopeless cranks," Bro. Taylor, if that is any satisfaction to you. We can stand it, for we go in goodly company. Pythagoras, Jesus, and many others, too numerous to mention, both of ancient and modern times, plainly show that they realized it to be a fact in their existence. Strange that the doctrine of metempsychosis or re-incarnation should be considered by Dr. Taylor to have originated with Mr. Stoddard at this late day. Our friend Taylor would do well to read "The Light of Asia," by Edwin Arnold. If he can lay aside his prejudice, I think he would there, at least, find some food for thought on this and kindred subjects.

Since commencing this article I have received the last number of the GOLDEN GATE, and, noticing the article of our generous and genial friend (that is, counting him as such through his contributions, which I always read with pleasure), John Wetherbee, I would say to him, as long as you "don't want it to be true," it is not going to force itself on you; but I am happy to notice you do not treat with utter contempt what to some others is profound philosophy. As an old patron of the *Banner of Light*, you must remember the interesting articles on that subject years ago, including communications from Allen Kardec, confirmatory thereof. They always attracted my attention, because, I suppose, I felt them to be true.

But I do not think we need let this matter of return to earth trouble us or destroy the hoped-for pleasures of future existence in the spirit world. For the law of our return will be our own needs forcing us, or the needs of others drawing us.

As I have, I fear, written more lengthily than I ought, I will close this article, but must add, that I think this last number of the GOLDEN GATE, here at hand, which I have but glanced over and am impatient to settle down with and read thoroughly, surpasses, if possible, any previous number. I should like an extra copy of it for a canvassing sheet, as the time is now approaching for a renewal of subscription. All honor to the porter of the GOLDEN GATE.  
MRS. A. COMSTOCK.  
SAN BUENAVENTURA, CAL.

A VISITOR to the Cannibal Island saved his life by taking out his false teeth. Such a yell of astonishment greeted the disappearance of the teeth as was never heard, and the old chief, who was calmer than his tribesmen, said: "I am an old man; but I thank God that I have lived to see this day!"

"WHERE is my angel?" inquires a poet in *Goodall's Sun*. Ten to one she is reclining on a lounge, reading a sensational novel, while her mother is frying slapjacks for supper in the kitchen. Poets "angels" are usually this class of girls.—*Chicago Telegram*.



## OUR HOME IN HEAVEN.

(By spirit Rev. H. B. Kenyon, communicated to his son H. B. Kenyon, of St. Paul, Minnesota, and copied for the GOLDEN GATE.)

(Continued.)

The land in front of where I would build the house lay quite level, and back was a high hill. A river ran by; little points of land jutted into the water; shade trees were very nice and large, and there a little island quite near the spot where the house would be. I thought this would be very pretty to look at and a great addition to the natural scenery. I could easily build a bridge across the water to it. Yes, this was the place for me. I took a long look at it and then returned to Susan for my little ones. Found Susan home, and we all returned to the spot I had found for my home, and they were quite as much pleased as I was with it. Susan soon returned to her home and left us all to work and plan for our home.

We decided on the rustic style for the house; then began to look around for the material. We had not gone far before Nellie found a flat stone, just the kind for a walk. Dottie thought a light green moss would be much nicer for a walk, and finally moss carried the day, and the walks were laid with moss. We found plenty of moss on some rocks and commenced our walk just as you would, by placing the moss on the grass close together, same as you would sod; the light green moss laid on the dark green grass made a beautiful walk.

In looking for material developed the traits of the little ones: Nellie was best for arranging things; Dottie was the quickest to find what was needed; little Joe, a big talker, and Clemmy our worker. Little Joe said, "You, grandpa, is the boss." After the walk was finished we commenced to look for material for the house. Dottie said that all we had to do was to say, "Please, dear God, I want a house, and it will come, see if it don't." Little Joe thought that was a funny way and would not work; and so we started off to find the wood necessary, and soon found log after log all covered with moss—just what we wanted. "Now didn't I tell you so," said little Dottie. "Yes you said so, but you just didn't know for sure, did you?" "Why, yes, of course."

Each picked up a log and returned with it, and soon we had all we required for the house,—then began the building— we decided upon the rustic style for the house. Nellie thought it would be nice to have four large windows, equal distances apart, around the house—all open, no glass of any kind in them, and so we left a place for the windows and doors. The house is nearly round; roof slightly pointed; all made out of round logs—there is a veranda all around the house. The steps were made out of logs also, as we decided not to have any stone—all of wood. Joe wanted a fence on one side just so he could jump over it. We found some small limbs just suited to our use and made Joe's fence. Dottie was not pleased with a bare fence and found a very nice vine, like morning glories, and planted it so that soon we will have a fence and a beautiful screen of morning glories.

At this stage of our work little Joe said he must have a dog, and Clemmy thought he would like one too, and they went away looking for dogs. They were gone some time and I wondered where they were; when they came running each with a dog. "Where did you find them?" I was not aware that there were any dogs here. Little Joe said, "I heard a dog bark; that was the way I found where they were, and there are a great many different kinds; they are in a sort of hollow or valley. I saw one I wanted, called him, but he did not come, cause he had no name you know, so I went to him, and patted him on the head, he is a large curly white fellow; then he acted as though he had always known me, and was glad to come with me." Clemmy's is a large black one, both Newfoundland, and beautiful creatures. We named them "Whitefoot," and "Blackfoot."

Little Dottie said, "Now if they don't behave I shall tell them to go home." "Oh, well, they will be all right," and so they were. They appeared to know almost as much as we did,—would do a great many things nearly as well as the boys.

We were interrupted here in our work on the home for a time, as I was called once more to help some one; this time it was one who is very dear to me. The little ones all accompanied me; we reached our friend in sorrow and sickness, worked faithfully to cast aside the coming trouble, but it could not be. The loved one must leave her home and loved ones in earth life; the physical was not strong enough to resist the disease that was consuming her lungs. When the hour came for her to leave the mortal, we received her spirit home and administered to her every want. I was the first to meet our Adelaide, but will leave her to describe the meeting, and her thoughts on first entering this beautiful home of rest.

We once more took up our work of home building. Having finished the walk and house outside, we turned our efforts first to a fountain; found stones for the basin, formed it into shape leaving four small holes for water to pass through; also made a rustic railing, very low all around it. Little Dottie gathered vines and planted for a covering. Little

Clemmy thought we would have a hard time getting water into the basin; but you remember that the river runs close at hand. First we formed a little narrow line or trench between fountain and river, then found hollow limbs sufficient to reach from one to the other; laid them nicely connected, and covered them up. The water did not flow at first, but soon there was a beautiful spray thrown up high in the air. Susan told us the way of arranging that. There is a way to do everything. This was one thing that could not be accomplished by wishing. Our fountain is a perfect success; little birds come and drink and bathe in it; the children even get in and bathe as naturally as on earth—get as wet as possible to be, but never drown or sink,—seem to float like a feather. The children have great times also playing in the river with their dogs.

We next went in search for flowers, for our windows. Nellie thought that a different kind for each window would be the prettiest. We found for one a flower like portulaca; another, forget-me-nots; for the third a climbing rose, and for the other a scarlet creeper; the leaves of this vine are perfectly scarlet and beautiful.

Now for the doors: We went quite a distance from home but did not seem to find anything we wanted; finally little Joe said, "Now, I say, I know where there is something nice; it is a long way from here; but it is very pretty." "Well, my man, we will get it," and so we started; passing place to place till I asked Joe when he ever came this way? "Oh, I have been to many places. My mamma took me once upon a time." I inquired if he was sure he knew the way. "Why, yes, of course, it is just around this bend, and sure enough it was. It was a very rocky place, stones as high as the house, and water running all around them, very swiftly, causing the place to look wild and rough. There was grass beyond the water which had grown very tall and swaying back and forth with the breeze. The trees were of a different kind and looked like a pine. I told Joe that I didn't think this a very nice place. "No, I don't either, but there is some nice vine here on a rock, though. My mamma said here was where the naughty folks come, but we could see none." Nellie said we were not in the right condition to see them, but there were many of them here. She said, "Just you wish to help some one and you will soon see a great many people." We did so, and such a discontented crowd appeared to us; all were excited and anxious to get away. We could see and there some one who was trying to lift them up.

Yes, here was another place of work. Little Joe said he "thought they would be better after a time." Now let's get our plant." I did not want to leave them, but would finish our home; then would take up my work once more. We all climbed upon a large rock and found little Joe's wonderful vine. It was bright yellow—had a leaf like fine ferns. "Isn't it pretty?" Little Dottie thought it was very pretty. We gathered all we could carry and returned home and planted it each side of the doors, so that it made a lovely border all around the door-casing. It did pay us for the long search for it.

Now for the carpet—what? We decided on green moss. We only had one large room. I liked the idea of only one room, as we could all be together. Little Nellie called the forget-me-not window hers. The scarlet vine little Dottie's, cause she liked red best. Clemmy had the rose and Joe the portulaca. Here they all raised their hands and said: "Why, dear grandpa, where is yours?" Yes, they all wanted me to take theirs, and were sorely troubled—came and put their arms around me, hugged and kissed me, and wanted me to take all the windows and they would take the doors. As soon as I could get a word in I told them that we would fix that all right. I would rather have the center of the room, then I could see all their pretty ways. That suited them.

We must have chairs, and decided on rustic rockers, with a little vine covering them. They are very pretty and easy, as you will see some time. We have some out on the porch, also, as we enjoy visiting there. I thought we had the house nicely fixed, and thought we would go over to the island and make improvements, but Nellie thought we would finish the home first, and I said that it looks about right now. "No, not yet; we want some pictures and pretty little things." "Well, where can we get pictures?" This was a new notion to me, and I wondered what next. She said, "Oh, I know a mamma that paints lots of pretty things just to give away, so she left us and soon returned with three little girls, each with her arms full of little fancy things, including pictures which required frames. We framed some with light-green, and others with scarlet moss. I let them do this work, as they were delighted and very enthusiastic about decorating the home. Finally all was complete, and they were suited. Then I told Joe that we would now see about a cart for him and Clemmy. Joe wanted one with a red cushion and a big whip. "Well, my boy, what are you going to do with a whip?" "It would look nice, you know." Dottie objected to the whip, cause folks would think your dog was naughty." Finally he gave up the whip—concluded that he didn't need one, anyhow.

I did not know how we were to get the carts, but had seen stranger things, and concluded that we would go and see

Susan about it, and found that she knew where they could be found, so all of us started for that place, and think I must have been a great way from our home; for we were some considerable time going. There was a large platform, with a vine-covered roof, and on the platform were so many different carts—no two just alike—large and small carts, for boys and dollies; and there were very many little folks selecting to suit their fancy.

There were a great many grown people here who were making these things. They would rub their hands together, make different passes just as though they had the material there to work with, and soon the cart would begin to form and come out just to suit you. I do not understand it at all; I only know that there is a way here to get all our heart's desire, so that we are worthy. The children were very happy now; the boys selected their carts and harness for the dogs, and the girls selected doll carts, and finally the dogs were harnessed to their carts, and each loaded with a boy, girl and doll cart, and started for home, the happiest group of boys, girls and dogs you can imagine; the dogs even appeared to enter into the enjoyment, and acted as though they were really of some account now. I never saw anything that gave me as much pleasure as this one event, and I always look back at it with so much pleasure that I find myself wishing they wanted another one; but no the first one is the very best of all. They wanted me to ride but I could see no place for my foot even, say nothing about my whole person; so I walked by their side—such happy talking and laughing as homeward we came. As we came in sight of home they started off on a race; I fairly held my breath for fear they might tip over; but no, all landed right side up, and reached the porch at the same time. As I came up they said, "Grandpa, we love you so much, aren't you glad? You are always going to let us stay with you?" "Yes," but I wondered what all the other children would like in the way of playthings.

(To be continued.)

## The "Golden Gate," April 17th.

(Light (London) May 8th.)

Our San Francisco contemporary still keeps up its high order of merit. In the current issue there is much of interest, and not a week passes but its editor attempts to deal with some perplexing problem connected with spiritual research in a very practical manner. This week a good suggestion is made with reference to the conditions under which materialization-phenomena should be sought. First of all, we are glad to see that a true key-note is struck with regard to the admission of the general public to these seances. The GOLDEN GATE unhesitatingly condemns the promiscuous introduction of the neophyte to the inner mysteries of spirit. It says that the psychic-form is something truly that such an one could in nowise understand. It points out the necessity of learning the alphabet of Spiritualism before being brought into the presence of phenomena that only one well advanced in spiritual lore can begin to comprehend. "You might as well turn loose a lot of untutored school-boys into the laboratory of the chemist as to admit people to materializing circles who have had no previous spiritual training." This, as our readers are aware, is what we have ourselves taught for many years past. The suggestion is made that "all sealed doors, all locks, ropes, etc., for securing the medium, should be dispensed with, thereby removing from the *morale* of the circle, and the mind of the sensitive, all suspicion of fraud, and then place the cabinet in the center of the room, forming the circle all around it. Then, always granting the good faith of the sitters, if two forms appear where only one was known to exist, the evidence would be very conclusive." The GOLDEN GATE remarks that "this, no doubt, would be a great improvement upon the usual conditions imposed at such circles, but at the same time manifestations occurring even under such conditions would be far from convincing the skeptic, who would naturally suspect that at some point in the circle confederates were permitted to pass and re-pass. It would shift the usual suspicion from the medium to some member or members of the circle." We agree with this in the main, but at the same time would remind our contemporary that we have nothing whatever to do with the outside world in that respect. When they have passed through the course of instruction which we, as inquirers of long standing have passed through, then, and only then, will it be permissible for the shrieking skeptic to pass an opinion upon the matter.

HOME is the one place in all this world where hearts are sure of each other. It is the place of confidence. It is the place where we tear off that mask of guarded and suspicious coldness which the world forces us to wear in self-defense, and where we pour out the unreserved communication of full and confiding hearts. It is the place where expressions of tenderness gush out without any sensation of awkwardness, and without any dread of ridicule. Let a man travel where he will, home is the place to which his heart untrammelled fondly turns. He is to double all pleasures there. He is to divide all pain. A happy home is the single spot of rest which a man has upon this earth for the cultivation of the noblest sensibilities.—*The Home.*

## EXPERIENCE DEPARTMENT.

## More About "The Gilroy Ghost."

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

It is now six months since the first steps and raps were heard. Then the sound as of some one walking all over the front porch—this happened many times. The door-between the sitting-room and parlor being closed would gently open; on being closed again, and making sure it was latched, when it would open again. I made sure there was no draught through the house, closed the door again, trying it to see that it was latched, went back to my chair and watched, when the door opened again. I then left it open, when the sound as of a person falling full length upon the floor, with a dull thud, came from the parlor; we rushed in the room to see what had fallen when the sound came again, falling at my feet. Then it was we got the medium for independent slate-writing; and in the middle of the day, between closed slates, came this message, "Don't be afraid of me; I was your old friend, S. P. P." (a very dear friend of ours that died two years ago while Mr. Stevens was visiting at his place. There being no relative present, the nearest living in Chicago, Ill., Mr. S. did all that could be done at the death-bed, and was present at the funeral. Have received nine messages in all from him in independent writing, each one convincing us more and more of spirit return.

Whatever came after that did not frighten us. A few days ago, while sitting at my sewing, a tune was rapped out on the wall beside me, there being no one present in the house but myself; then I saw the screen door (the front door being open) standing half open, there being a stiff spring on the door—it could not stand open unless held open. I said, "Surely, that is being held open by an invisible hand," when it shut with a slam. The last we heard was the evening of the 11th of May.

My daughter and self were preparing to retire at half-past eight o'clock when it began to rain a down-pouring rain, as hard as I ever heard, which astonished us greatly. We went to the front door and looked out, and our astonishment was still greater when we saw not a drop of rain had fallen—came in the house and tried to make one another believe we heard no such a thing; went out on back porch to the pump for fresh water, when down it came again in perfect torrents. We stood and listened as long as it lasted, the light shining out on the walk, and not a drop of rain had fallen, and not a leaf astir. Now we are wondering *how* it will come next.

After all this, how can I help being a Spiritualist and believe God commissions our angel friends as ministering spirits to commune with us. I have tangible evidence of their presence, encouraging me to a nobler, purer, and higher life, and strengthening me to bear, unmoved, the scoffs and rebukes. When I remember the facts of my conversion, let it come from whence it may, I own, with grateful thanks to God for its manifestations, that it has made me a better and happier woman than I had ever been before, yes, much happier. By the knowledge gained through these spirit communings we have learned the certainty of a conscious future existence, and also that the purer and more unselfishly we live here, the better prepared we are for joy and unselfishness in the higher and ever progressive realm of spirit life. All the world's gifts would fail to replace, to my mind, the full cup of joy and compensation which I have tasted in Spiritualism. I have unbounded confidence in a Supreme Being, who creates, governs and guides the destinies of individuals and nations. I love to contemplate the works of his hands, the tiny flower beneath our feet, the starry canopy of heaven, the feathery tribes, sheltered in the foliage of the solemn forests, chanting forth the boundless praises of the great All Father! I only see discord in his noblest work—man. I thank God most devoutly that we are endowed with faculties to think, reason, and comprehend for ourselves, and that man is not our final judge. I have dared to think and believe what to me is truth, and I must await personal conviction derived from facts as stubborn as those upon which my faith is founded before I am prepared to admit as error that which personal experience has assured me to be invincible truth.

Spiritualism, in its rudimentary state, had very many errors clinging about it, no one denies; but let him who knows himself to be perfect be the first to lift up his voice in total denunciation of all claims of Spiritualism, or any belief well founded in truth and philosophy. Whatever may be the errors of Spiritualism or any other ism, I am ready to discard all the errors I have embraced when convinced of them. However, it is very gratifying to Spiritualists to know that our cause is steadily increasing and moving onward, though there be many obstacles to encounter and overcome; it is sure and will triumph.

My friends, I have given this history of manifestations in Spiritualism to the truth of which I can testify, for I have stated nothing but what my eyes saw and my ears heard. "Madam Grundy" has reported it to be nothing but a loose shingle and hinge on the house. Query—how is it possible for a loose shingle and hinge (provided there was such, which we know there is not) to produce the many different manifestations others besides the family have heard?

We value them for the reason that they have led us to a higher and diviner conception of spirit consciousness, and spirit light within ourselves, which, if listened to, will lead and guide us in paths of wisdom and goodness.

I am happy to say that the GOLDEN GATE is placed upon a basis that inspires public confidence in its stability and is carried at mast-head in full sail in our "little burg," and readable in its own light. God speed the cause of truth and guard well this dearly GATE.

Fraternally yours,

MRS. MANUEL STEVENS.

GILROY, May 14, 1886.

## A Sitting with Mrs. Hoffman.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Will you allow me through your valuable paper to report the facts as they occurred in my presence?

On the 25th of April last, I called on Mrs. Josie Hoffman at number 933 Mission street, who informed me that she had just moved into her present rooms, and was not very well prepared to give satisfactory sittings, from her new and unsettled surroundings. Now, I being an old-time Spiritualist concluded to take what I could get, and here it is: About twenty seconds was occupied in becoming controlled, when a small, child-like voice said, "Good evening. Oh, you come from along way up North—come over the water—rough water; I see you working with something that has got three sticks like legs, and on top it has got something round but flat with plenty of marks; it turns around; you look at it very close and careful; you have several men under you, they make lines and put stakes in the ground. Papa says the lines are streets, and that you make the plan for a city. Papa says that this is a transit."

Such was the communication that I received under what the medium thought was not very favorable conditions; yet I say that the result was very satisfactory, especially as the medium was an entire stranger to me. This was not all, but the remainder was of a private nature. And now that you and the readers of the GOLDEN GATE may understand more plainly I will say that I have been in Western Washington Territory for the last six years, and within the last year have laid out, surveyed and platted three town-sites as follows: the town of Mount Vernon, now the county-seat of Skagit county, and West Vernon on the west bank of Skagit river and opposite Mount Vernon; also the city of Sterling, twelve miles north of Mount Vernon, which was the last work I did in the Territory. I sailed from Victoria on the steamer "George W. Elder," on the 3d of April last and arrived in San Francisco on the 6th, with rough passage. Yours truly,

M. A. MISENHEIMER, C. E.

## The Two Ways.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

It is the office of scavengers to collect all the garbage, the offal, dead carcasses and filth of cities, and haul it away and dump into some place deemed fit for the purpose.

In point of numbers, these scavengers form a very small unit in the great population, and they are deemed worthy citizens and are justly paid for their work.

So with editors of secular daily papers: They are small in numbers as compared with the populace, yet are paid for collecting every item of discord, distress and devility, suicides, insanity and wickedness that they can hear of or bring to their press, by the aid of the telegraph and a liberal expenditure of money, from every nation on the globe; and these they dump with unblushing suavity and daring recklessness into the very heart of our great humanity, unmindful alike, of the stench and of the miasmatic and soul-destroying effect.

The gleanings of the common scavenger are left to rot and moulder back to earth, but the effort of the editorial scavenger is not to hide or cover up, but to keep before the minds of the people until the pile has increased an hundred fold, and larger and still larger editions of their papers are in demand.

Could these editors see with the eye of the spirit the certain recoil of all this wrong upon their own consciousness, and how that they are to be held responsible for every wrong act; and that to continue these wrongs is worse to themselves than to play with fire in the bare hands, and to walk barefoot on living coals—they would desist.

The other way is, to publish "Gems of Thought," golden sentiments, sparkling words of beauty, the power and essence of excellence, the sweet benedictions of wisdom, the uplifting love of the angels, and faith in the ultimate triumph of a burdened yet hopeful humanity.

WALTER HYDE.

CHRIST was a carpenter. Peter mended nets. All the disciples labored as they had opportunity while engaged in teaching the people. They could not have taught the people as they did had they not been laborers. Labor is the first great law. It is the law of growth as well as of creation. The savage begins to grow upward when he begins to labor. Labor is constructive. Death is idleness. Shall life learn of death? Not so; but death shall be taught of life; the idle of the laborers.







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SATURDAY, MAY 29, 1886.

## STAGGERING FACTS.

The neophyte in psychic phenomena is apt to meet with an occasional fact that staggers him. Perhaps it is just when he has about settled the question of spirit return, and is laying the pleasing anction to his soul that he has discovered a new world—a world of spiritual verities, of which he will ere long become a part,—that the blow comes to him, possibly in the shape of a palpable deception in a materializing seance, or perhaps in some false and misleading message purporting to come from some spirit who, in mortal life, he knows would never have deceived him.

He has not yet learned that all is not true and beautiful on the other side of the gateway of death, nor that all mediumship is not of an angelic character; and perhaps he never would learn, but for some such bitter lesson. He needs to be thrown back upon himself, and made to bring into active exercise his own faculties of observation and judgment. And so, perhaps, he is permitted to be deceived for a good purpose. We say, "perhaps," for it is a question concerning which the most experienced and thoughtful Spiritualists are by no means clear.

Certain it is that such deceptions may be regarded as the beginning of wisdom with all thoughtful investigators, who come in time to expect them, and are fully prepared therefor. Fortunate indeed is the one whose spirit is not embittered by such experiences, and made thereby to distrust all genuine mediumship.

Thus as the investigator advances in knowledge and experience, he learns that notwithstanding these inexplicable contradictions, there is a vast array of facts of quite another character—facts fraught with the most beautiful lessons to humanity, and the most positive evidence of the spirit's existence, and its power, under suitable conditions, to return and make its existence known. And so he is no longer disturbed by what, in the earlier stages of his investigations, would have caused him much distrust of the grounds of his belief.

We must remember that all sorts of people go to make up the inhabitants of the spirit world, the same as of this world—that mischief-makers, liars, practical jokers, and other monstrosities, who sometimes make this life almost intolerable, carry hence all their miserable traits of character, and, until they learn the better way, no doubt take delight in practicing their iniquities upon the children of earth, as well as upon their companions in wretchedness. It is a satisfying thought, however, that these various classes of workers of iniquity, "over there," will gravitate to their levels and be allowed to associate only with their kind. And so, to make up for their deprivations there, they seem to take delight in playing their pranks upon mortals.

But the man or woman of right thoughts and earnest endeavor for the good in all the ways of life, need not fear being misled by deceiving spirits. His own truthful spirit will attract to him the good and truthful upon the other side, who will see to it that he be not overcome of evil.

## SYMME'S HOLE.

By investigations now going on under the German Government, a shaft sunk into the earth is found to be heated to one hundred and twenty degrees at a depth of four thousand, five hundred feet. It is therefore concluded that if the temperature increases regularly downward at the same rate, the boiling point of water should be reached at about two miles, and the melting point of platinum at forty miles. From this calculation it is thought that the earth's crust can not be more than about one-ninetieth of its radius. Now, were this increasingly heated crust penetrated, what is supposable? Most persons infer from the above experiment that we should come to a chaotic, molten mass of rock and gases; but others—a few—think we should find the beauties of "Symme's Hole," with a superior race and higher physical perfections. A wonderfully unfolded inner world, from whence issue our grand auroral displays. If there is an inner world, it must be a hot one—a perpetual carboniferous period of giant tropical vegetable productions, laden with the air with poisonous gases in which human life could not exist. There may be such a place as "Symme's Hole," but we do not believe it is a habitable one, save to a species of salamander, that in the process of evolution may attain to man's estate; but he will have outlived his fiery age, and the old earth will have found rest from its eternal throes.

—The GOLDEN GATE and Spiritual Offering will be furnished to yearly subscribers at the approaching camp-meeting for \$3 for both papers.

## OUR AIM.

The GOLDEN GATE was not a sudden creation, but the outcome of a purpose that had its birth in the mind of its manager many years ago. The time was not ripe for it then, nor the way open. But in their own good time the angel world cleared the way, and we hastened to enter upon their work—at first unaided, save with their benedictions and the good wishes of a few friends who had faith in the new enterprise.

We soon realized the necessity for some arrangement that would inspire greater confidence in the stability of the paper, and at the same time divest it of its personal character. It was then that "The Golden Gate Printing and Publishing Company" was duly incorporated, and the property placed in the hands of a competent Board of Trustees. While the editorial and business management is the same as before, it is now subject to the supervision of a Board, composed of intelligent and influential Spiritualists, having the best good of the cause at heart.

We have as yet scarcely entered upon the work before us, which is one of great magnitude. We not only intend to build up and establish a spiritual journal that shall be second to none in the world, but we aim, also, to establish in connection with our paper a general depository of spiritual literature; also a complete publishing department for the publication, especially, of spiritual books and pamphlets.

To do this will require considerable capital, which we are assured will be provided as our friends gain confidence in our work. We hope, in time, instead of paying a monthly rental for the use of an office, to own a building for our business, some portion of which we may find it convenient to rent to others.

And all this is to be carried out upon strict business principles. While our main object is to do good in spreading the light and truth of Spiritualism, we shall at the same time aim to make the stock of the Company reasonably valuable to its owners.

There is a large amount of gratuitous missionary work needed on this coast. There are hundreds of Spiritualists who are unable to take any spiritual paper, and whose hearts are hungering for the truths of Spiritualism. We hope, through the liberality of those who are able to assist in the good work, to be able, eventually, to place the GOLDEN GATE in the hands of all such, as a contribution from the large-hearted evangelists of our religious philosophy.

With no personal ends to gratify, with hearts aglow with a divine purpose to do good in the world, we cordially invite the co-operation of all who feel with us that the cause is worthy of their support. We want the friends who have kindly subscribed for the stock of our Company to feel that this is their work. They are but "casting bread upon the water," that will return to them, ere long, in blessings manifold. If not in this life, it surely will in the next.

## SPIRITUALISM AND TEMPERANCE.

Whatever the unthinking world may say against Spiritualism, it will not say that Spiritualists, as a class, are not good citizens; that they are not industrious and law-abiding; that they are not kind-hearted and charitable; and especially will it not say that they are not earnest and practical advocates of temperance reform.

One of the first lessons given by spirits, in their communion with mortals, is the importance of right living here as a condition most essential to happiness hereafter. They teach that whatever defiles the body also tarnishes the lustre of the spirit, and retards its progress in the other life. Hence, the true Spiritualist is never addicted to debasing habits. As his spiritual nature becomes unfolded, and he comprehends the grand possibilities within his reach, he naturally strives to become master of himself, throwing off the yoke of hurtful practices, one after another, until he stands forth in the sovereignty of unsullied manhood.

Indulgence in intoxicating drink, if persisted in, fills the body with disease and the soul with horrid images of remorse and despair. It turns the angel in man into a terrible demon, the loving husband and father into a monster of cruelty. To break the shackles of such a tyrant is a grand achievement. And yet, through the gentle ministrations, and sometimes the powerful influences of spirits of another world has many a man been disenthralled,—in many instances his appetite for strong drink utterly destroyed and turned to loathing.

And here the thought occurs to us that Spiritualists are now numerically strong enough to make their power felt, in a political sense, upon the temperance question. The old political parties are no longer but little, if anything, more than organized bands of place-hunters. There is not a grain of principle, or honesty, or devotion to country, embodied in one party that the other does not claim to possess, to an equal, if not greater extent. It is a good time to strike out in some new path of reform, to see if something can not be done to shut up the thousands of ram-

holes that fester the land, poisoning the blood of our young men, and filling unnumbered homes with squalor and tears.

Spiritualists should cast their votes where they will strike the hardest blow at licensed ruin. They may not be able to accomplish their object at once and completely; but they can soon convince the old parties that they hold the balance of power, and compel them to a decent consideration of an evil so fraught with woe to humanity as the unrestricted traffic in alcoholic drinks.

## THE DUTY OF TO-DAY.

The contemplation of goodness, and the recital of noble acts, are generally enjoyed by most people, even by those who have little or nothing of goodness set down to their credit. But the disposition to put off to some future time the good we might do to-day is a weakness of our common humanity. If inclined to generous acts, there is always time enough, we think. Why this unnecessary haste! And so we postpone the good we might do until, ere we are aware, it is too late.

Every day has its claim upon us that we can not wisely ignore—its claim of good deeds and generous thoughts. We should aim to meet this claim promptly, and thus, what at first may seem a duty soon becomes a pleasure. There is a divine compensation in generosity that only the truly generous soul can know.

Every enlightened Spiritualist fully understands that no man can escape the consequences of his acts. There is no shirking of responsibilities in the life to come. Whatever duty he leaves undone here will follow him like a haunting spectre into the world of spirits, claiming full and faithful performance there. And then who knows what obstacles and difficulties may lie in the way there.

We should make this life a perpetual song of joy, and then the next will be sure to be full of melody. Heaven is not far off—not a place to be reached only by passing through the "valley and shadow of death." It belongs to us here, and is within the reach of all. We have but to set up the kingdom in the heart, and it is there with all its gates of pearl, its jasper walls, and its streets paved with gold. No other can be found more beautiful.

We do not believe in waiting for the beatitudes until Death has set his seal upon the lips. We would anticipate death by a long way, and carry our happiness with us. And this we can best accomplish by making others happy. It is the reaction of the good we do to others that fills our own souls with glory, and strewn our pathway with flowers.

The present moment is the only measure of time of which we are positively sure. If we live our best for that one moment, make it full of sunshine and heaven, an eternity of happiness is ours.

## A FAIR OFFER.

Zamloch, the magician, has been giving imitations of spirit phenomena in St. Helena, during the past fortnight. Dr. John Allyn, of that town, requested permission to come before his audience and show wherein the counterfeit differed from the genuine. As his receipts were running low, and as he saw in the proposed arrangement the prospect of a crowded house, Zamloch wisely consented. The house was packed, as was expected, and Dr. Allyn presented his facts in a forcible and impressive manner. He related the particulars of a slate-writing seance he had held with Fred Evans, at which he obtained several messages between sealed slates, and concluded by reading the following paper:

ST. HELENA, May 15, 1886.

For the purpose of stimulating investigation into the fact and significance of certain slate-writings had by the undersigned on the 3d of May, 1886, with Fred Evans, I make the following offer: To any sleight of hand performer who will show that said writings were done by trickery or fraud, or will do the same on equally test conditions and explain the same, \$1,000. To any scientist who will do the same by any forces known to science, or any law unknown to science hitherto, and prove the same, \$1,000. In all of these cases the fact and hypothesis of Spiritualism shall be excluded.

JOHN ALLYN.

TIME ENOUGH.—The statistics of this country regarding liquor and tobacco consumption, need frequent revising. They are always placed in comparison with other and legitimate expenditures, but would look just as bad if they stood alone. The drink bill now for one year is put down at nine hundred millions, and the tobacco at six hundred millions. Annual contributions for foreign missions are five millions, five hundred thousand. Not much is said about home missions; but why we should trouble ourselves to engraft upon foreign innocent tribes the manners, customs, beliefs, and depravities of civilization, is always a mystery to us. If the heathen know nothing of the Christian God, they at the same time are ignorant of the immorality and vices practiced in the land of churches. It would be full time enough for us to talk of foreign missions when we have destroyed our own iniquities.

"There is an important difference between a house and a home. Men build houses; God builds the home."—EX-CHANGER.

It is true that a lone man can never make a home, and we do not believe God could either without the aid of woman. Man can build shelter from storms, from the heat and cold. Woman makes these places of love and soul-rest. It matters not how humble the roof or meager the inner appointments; all things are transformed through the power of the affections which refine and beautifies all in the rainbow light that shines out from the life of two happy souls joined as one.

## THE CAFFRAYS BROUGHT TO GRIEF.

The New York World, of May 16th, contains a six-column article, with fifteen illustrations, descriptive of the exposure of the Caffrays, two alleged mediums for spirit materialization, well known in this city, and who have been holding seances in New York the past year. The exposure was planned by, carried out, and afterwards illustrated and written up by W. H. McDougall and Chas. E. Hamilton, the former an artist and the latter a reporter, attaches of the World, who append their names to the report. They also give the names of fifteen out of twenty-nine persons who were present at the seance, all of whom, they claim, can be relied on to furnish testimony to the truth of their statement.

The exposure was brought about in this way: The artist had visited the Caffrays' seances a number of times, where a form purporting to be his sister "Alice" came out of the cabinet to meet him, each night gaining confidence and "strength," until he thought the time propitious for the denouement. Then, accompanied by the reporter and four accomplices, the latter provided with dark-lanterns, the party repaired to the Caffrays' residence, where they took their seats in the seance room along with the twenty-three other persons—the latter all unsuspecting of the nature of the coming circus.

Everything being in readiness, Caffray enjoined his audience to join hands, remain quiet, "keep their feet on the floor," and make no attempt to break the circle, or to hold the "spirits," as in the latter case the most serious consequences might follow. One "spirit" especially, "Indian Jim," they were told was a very "bad Indian" and would not be fooled with. He would probably be present that evening, and the speaker warned all not to annoy him.

Mrs. Caffray took her seat in the cabinet and the seance commenced. (The cabinet, by the way, was placed in a back room, in which was a bed, stove, trunk, table, etc., and which room was connected with the seance room by folding doors.) A number of "spirits" appeared to different members of the circle, most of whom were recognized (!), and then came "Alice." "The artist sprang forward"—so runs the report—"and clasped her in his arms, and poured forth greetings into the ear of the perspiring impersonation." After promising her brother to return soon, she retired into the cabinet for greater strength! She was followed by "Indian Jim," (against the protest of Caffray), who flourished a woman's scalp, and made threatening gestures towards the timid ones of the circle. Then came other forms, and finally, "Alice," who was again embraced by her alleged brother, the artist. He insinuated his arm around her neck, and gently led her to the center of the room, when, at a signal, he whirled the "spirit" around, holding her firmly. Instantly four lights flashed upon the scene. Caffray rushed forward with curses and blows, and was promptly knocked down. Mrs. Caffray, who was also personating a spirit at the moment, attempted to escape through the back part of the cabinet; she was caught by the heels and dragged into the room in a condition of startling dishabille.

The artist placed his captive on a chair, admonishing her to keep quiet. Caffray had struggled to his feet and attempted to close the doors leading to the back room, but was prevented. He then said, "I give in." "Alice" proved to be one Maggie Clifton, "a coarse looking girl of twenty-three years, who said she lived at 103 West Fourteenth street." Caffray and his wife then made a confession in which they explained all the various "manifestations," showing that they were all done by themselves, assisted by the girl Maggie.

The story of their shame is too long to repeat; we will only add a few points as related by themselves: "Before the people come," said Caffray, "my wife dresses, and she puts on all of the costumes she wears under her dress, except the shawl, which is over her head, so that it is very easy to appear as a different spirit each time by simply putting on or taking off some drapery." He was asked by the reporter, "Do you believe in Spiritualism, Mr. Caffray?" His answer, if correctly reported, stamps him as a moral monster. "No, certainly not," he replied; "but if crazy people will be hoaxed by such stuff, I might as well do it as any one else."

It seems almost beyond belief that human beings can thus trifle with the holiest and tenderest sentiments of human nature. In view of such disgusting cheats, are honest investigators asking too much when they demand strict test conditions on the part of all mediums who claim the power to produce the psychic form?

There are many in this city who have believed in the genuineness of the Caffrays. Upon the confession of these unprincipled scamps, they will now learn, perhaps for the first time, that they have been heartlessly and shamelessly deceived. The temptation to counterfeit honest mediumship, for the money there is in it, is so great that it becomes the duty of every honest Spiritualist to see to it that only the truly genuine shall be considered worthy of their patronage. Deceptive spirits should no more be encouraged than deceptive mediums; both should be rejected.

WATER AND LIGHT.—Some interesting experiments have lately been made by Messrs. Fol and Sarasin in regard to the penetration of light through water. In the Lake of Geneva sufficient light was found to affect very sensitive photographic plates at about five hundred and fifty feet; the light at that depth being about equal at mid-day to that at the surface on a clear, moonless night. At a depth of one thousand three hundred feet, the last ray of light was lost. But the gentlemen are of the opinion—warranted by the structure of eyes of certain crustaceans recently dredged from the deeper regions of the Atlantic—that despite the objections of physicists, some light reaches even beyond twelve thousand feet, the purity of the water in mid-ocean, making this as probable as a depth of three thousand, or even one thousand two hundred feet near the shore. Thus, the presence of submarine chlorophyll is no longer a mystery.

A DAY AT SUNNYSIDE.—Five miles back of Oakland, in a cozy little nook in the foothills, embowered among the roses and vines, and surrounded by fruitful orchards and beautiful shade trees, is the pretty home of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Mead, and their happy and interesting family. It is one of the most charming spots in all of that delightful region. Thither, on Saturday last, pursuant to appointment, Mr. and Mrs. Bowles of the Mind-Cure, and a representative of the GOLDEN GATE, went for a day's "calm sunshine and a heartfelt joy." They were met at Oakland by a carriage from Sunnyside which bore them rapidly away from the busy town, and by pretty villas and green fields, to the appointed place, where, in the social joys of a refined and beautiful home, where the loved and loving of the Summer Land delight to meet and mingle, they enjoyed a glad summer day. Mrs. Mead, though all unknown to the public as such, is nevertheless a medium of rare gifts. Her hand is used automatically for spirit writing. She is thus controlled for hours at a time in penning messages of a high order. The spirits are evidently preparing her for a great work. One room in her beautiful home has been fitted, decorated and furnished by spirit direction, and is kept sacred for their use. The decorations, furniture, carpet, etc., are all in blue, and all artistically designed and arranged. Hither she repairs daily to hold communion with, and do the work required of her by her beloved guides. The party were welcomed to Sunnyside by spirit T. Starr King, in happy words of greeting. This grand spirit, when in the mortal, was a cherished friend of the medium and her husband. More would we like to say of Mrs. Mead and her work; but we predict that it will speak for itself sometime through the columns of the GOLDEN GATE. Mrs. Mead is a charming hostess, and she is delightfully seconded by her eldest daughter, Miss Carrie.

RIGHT.—There is a heartlessness among first-class opera singers as to their charges for edifying an audience, that is becoming almost proverbial. When Patti sang in Barcelona, a few weeks ago, she demanded three thousand dollars for each performance, and the seats were held at seven dollars each. It was the protest of all classes against such exorbitance, and the refusal to attend her performances, that caused a report to be circulated to the effect that Patti was hissed and insulted in the above-named city. The people who were suffering under depressions and misery, were hurt and indignant over the merciless exactions. The Dutchess of Medinaceli, and of Firman-Neene, in Madrid, at once created a sentiment against Patti, in society circles in the capital, and caused to be published in the journals the determination to withhold their patronage from Patti when she should visit that city. The opinion now prevalent in France and Spain should find an echo in all countries; thus operatic stars would learn to consider the people a necessity to their fine living.

A CONVINCING TEST.—A lady informed us recently that not long ago she was sorely pressed for a small sum of money and knew not how to obtain it. She went to one of our best slate-writing mediums, Mr. Fred Evans, determined to consult with her spirit friends in the matter. Although an entire stranger to the medium, one of the latter's controls divined her condition, and wrote between the slates, in effect, that the medium would relieve her pressing need by loaning her forty dollars, which she would repay in a short time. The medium thought that a pretty cool sort of business on the part of his guides, but he was too wise not to heed the suggestion. He had, on a former occasion, in a matter of difference of opinion with his guide, in a moment of anger, requested the latter to go to school, or somewhere in that neighborhood! The result that followed was of such a startling character that he is not likely soon to forget it. So he concluded not to question his authority in this instance, but handed over the money at once.

BRITISH ELECTIONS.—What lame affairs English elections would be to the average American! No primaries and nominating conventions, no political platforms, as we understand them, and no "scratching" allowed. It only takes two men to get up a candidate for Parliament—one to nominate and another to second the motion, always with the proviso of bonds to insure his paying his share of the election expenses. There is no chance for ballot-box stuffing in our country, and this is another dull feature of British politics. If English elections are less exciting than ours they are longer, by which they are so much worse. We can't understand how Bradlaugh could make so many efforts to obtain a place in the House of Commons. Both the excitement of success and the agony of defeat are so long drawn out that experience in either for once should be enough for a life-time.

TEMPERANCE AND CRIME.—Canon Farrar is good authority for the statement that Cruikshank, the artist, offered one hundred pounds for proof of a violent crime committed by a total abstainer, and this money still stands unclaimed. This probably suggested the recent proposition made by a temperance society in England, offering a considerable reward for proof of one instance where property gained through the liquor traffic, has descended to the third generation. These offers continue to stand, for we don't believe criminals were ever made, or crime ever committed for which alcohol was not responsible. It makes the deepest sorrows of wife and motherhood, and it plants vengeance in the breast of the unborn. Wealth acquired through its agency is unholy gain, and carries its own curse that sooner or later falls upon the head of its possessor and fells him to the earth in disgrace and regret.

—Hon. Amos Adams, president of the approaching camp-meeting, and also of the GOLDEN GATE Publishing Company, returned on Wednesday last from a seven weeks' trip to the Atlantic States. He visited many of the principal cities, including the National Capital, and returns with renewed love for our glorious California.



## HELP TO MEMORY.

It remains yet to be explained why it is that the mere act of writing is such an aid to the memory; its power is recognized by all intelligent persons. We have seen many persons who, when in doubt as to the correct spelling of certain words, always wrote them, and in so doing the correct orthography never failed to come to them.

In conventional schools all punishment is of a penitential kind, and always associated with more or less writing, according to the enormity of the offense, the writing being for the double purpose of impressing not only the penance but the misdeed indelibly on the mind; and whatever else one may forget of her convent life in after years, it is not these penances.

Judge Ronney, member of Congress, practically recognizes the indelibility of an idea in the memory when once committed to paper. So, in studying up a case and reading what relates to it, he makes notes of all special points, not for after reference, for he is said never to save them, but for the purpose of stamping the idea in the memory, which it does, for all future use, and he never forgets it.

Forgetful persons should take a hint from such facts and endeavor to establish for themselves reputations for reliability and promptitude, since it is about the best character one can possess for practical living.

**HAS HE THE POWER.**—A puzzling question now, or soon to be, is, what is best to do with the dangerous classes when they are once subjected and held in custody? The *Tribune* anticipates the dilemma, and gives a rational answer, that all must accede to in the next ten years, who would see the Republic live and its laws obeyed and respected. The *Tribune* suggests that the Government examine, and ascertain whether, under existing laws there is not power to put out of the country every such enemy of civilized society as Herr Most, just at the docks, and send them back to the land from which they came. It says: President Cleveland has no other more timely or important duty than to find out whether he has not such power, and if he has, to exercise it faithfully. If no power is already vested by the law in any official to put out of this country enemies of society, who make themselves nuisances in a free land, there ought to be such a law before Congress adjourns.

**CARRIED.**—There are many problems affecting the welfare of humanity that have been made political issues and failed, whereas if they were presented to the people as independent, moral questions, would succeed, not only by reason of their obvious good, but because free from political bias, and therefore directly appealing to all, irrespective of party results. Thus have the Prohibitionists of Rhode Island succeeded in carrying an amendment to its State Constitution, prohibiting the manufacture and sale of liquors. However small Rhode Island in geographical area, she now stands head and shoulders above the most of her larger sisters, who would do well to note the method by which she has gained the grand victory. Many stories are told of gross violations of the law in the other prohibition States; but we believe Rhode Island will guard well her outposts, and be sure that no enemy degrades within her borders.

**CAMP-MEETING.**—The Board of Directors had a meeting on Tuesday evening last, at 120 McAllister street, at which all the details of the approaching meeting were fully discussed and settled upon. We are warranted in saying the prospects for a successful meeting, in all respects, were never so promising. The fencing around the lot at corner of Oak and Twelfth street, Oakland, is about completed. The privilege for a first-class restaurant on the grounds is completed. The large audience tent, 60x80, will be put up on Tuesday or Wednesday of next week. There will also be some twenty-five campers' tents ready for occupancy on the 1st day of June, and at all times from that day on tents will be ready for campers upon ten minutes notice. Some twenty tents are already engaged for the season.

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

—Mrs. S. M. Kingsley, mother and aunt left yesterday for the East. They leave many friends on these western shores, who will wish them a safe journey and a speedy return.

—Dr. Jennie Morgan, of Santa Cruz, a partner of Dr. Phila Lyon, practicing physicians of that city, called on us yesterday. These ladies are first-class physicians, with a large and growing practice.

—San Francisco contains as excellent mediums for all phases of spirit intercourse as any the world can produce; and they are steadily increasing in power and numbers. The atmosphere here is peculiarly favorable for the higher phases of spirit mediumship.

—A new subscriber, writing from Poway, San Diego county, says: "Enclosed find in postal note two dollars and fifty cents, for which please send the *GOLDEN GATE* one year. Your paper lent by a friend, has given me unmeasurable comfort. I can not live without it now. These doctrines are new to me, but very precious."

—Bring flowers to-day for the graves of our soldiers dead—for the brave boys who went out from ten thousand homes and laid down their lives on the altar of their country. Keep ever green their memories in the hearts of a grateful people, who live to enjoy the boon of a government saved from destruction.

—A pleasant feature of last Sunday evening's services at Metropolitan Temple was the singing by Miss Grace Henderson of Arthur Sullivan's "Lost Chord." Miss Henderson is a soprano of fine powers. Her singing was heartily enjoyed by all present. We understand there is fair prospect of securing Miss Henderson's services permanently at the Temple for the reopening in August.

—We call attention to the card of Mrs. Hubbard, psychometrist, published elsewhere. Her rooms are at 479 Jessie street. She is a worthy lady, and is said to be an excellent medium for her special gift.

—We notice that several of our spiritual contemporaries continue to publish the prospectus of the *Gnostic*, the monthly magazine started by Prof. Chaine and Mrs. Kimball, in our neighboring city of Oakland, about a year ago. The *Gnostic* ceased to exist with its second or third number, and no number has been issued for more than six months.

—The forthcoming issue of the *Carrier Dove* will contain excellent portraits of John Pierpont, Mrs. M. T. Shellhamer, Mrs. J. J. Whitney, and of the spirit maids, Milly, Mrs. Albert Morton's Indian control. The first and last named are fine works of art by Albert Morton, and the others are sketched from photographs. That of Mrs. Whitney is the best we have ever seen of that excellent medium. Mr. Morton has our thanks for extra copies of all these likenesses.

—Henry Ward Beecher does not regard the Chinese race as an example of arrested development; and, moreover, we think he has been carefully reading "Last days of the Republic." He predicts that "China shall yet sit in the legislature of the world and give out law and policy." He might have been more explicit and located "the legislature of the world," but he evidently has an eye upon China, so his hearers and readers can draw pretty correct inferences as to his future expectations.

—We are pleased to learn that the benefits tendered Mrs. Whitehead and mother on last Monday evening—one held at the residence of Mr. H. C. Wilson, the other at Mr. Fred Evans—were financial successes. We are informed the receipts of the two seances were over sixty dollars. Mrs. J. Hoffman also tendered her service to the cause and gave a seance last evening, the result of which has not reached us. We presume the good lady for whom the circle was given will receive a neat little sum therefrom. The Spiritualists have done well in thus aiding a worthy sister, and faithful worker in all fields of reform.

—Next week will conclude the long serial, by Spirit Rev. H. B. Kenyon, entitled, "Our Home in Heaven." It has attracted no little attention from its simple recital of touching experiences in spirit life. Many regard its description of spiritual scenes and incidents as altogether too realistic—too much after the manner of this life; and yet the universal testimony from the other side is that life is more real there than here—that there are lakes, rivers and trees—beautiful landscapes and homes, with gardens of flowers. Did not the medium Jesus say, "In my Father's house are many mansions?" No doubt we shall find things very natural "over there."

—Mrs. J. Hoffman, 936 Mission street, occupied the platform in Washington Hall last Sunday afternoon and gave twenty-three tests, all of which were acknowledged by the audience. In the evening she occupied the same rostrum and gave thirty-eight tests, thirty-four of which were promptly acknowledged by different ones in the audience; and after the meeting adjourned two more were acknowledged by a person who was deaf and did not understand what was said at the time the test was given. We think that is doing pretty well for one medium who, four months ago, could hardly give a single test from the platform. This shows what may be accomplished with an honest purpose and seeking good conditions.

THE *GOLDEN GATE*, J. J. Owen editor, published at San Francisco, is one of the best papers on our exchange list. The issue of May 8th is an excellent one, and we advise those who wish to add another good paper to their list to send for a sample copy of the *GOLDEN GATE*—734 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.—*Richmond (Mo.) Democrat.*

## The Science of Spiritual Forces.

EDITOR OF *GOLDEN GATE*:

Spiritual writers and lecturers tell us that Spiritualism is a science and invites believers and unbelievers to the investigation of spiritual phenomena. They dilate on the phenomena of the past and also of the present. The investigation of the effects of unknown causes is truly grand; it is the first step toward the liberation of the soul from the bigotry, the awakening of the perceptive forces of the soul to gather knowledge from the divine book of nature that is always open and inviting her children to drink at the fountain of love that they may gather strength to investigate her laws, that they may know how to obey them. Therefore the science of spiritual forces that produce the phenomena known as Spiritualism is of paramount importance to all investigators after knowledge and truth, for these are the key to wisdom and love, the highest attributes of the evolutionary soul.

Therefore, to become spiritual scientists we have to lay a foundation that we may build upon. Moreover, this foundation must be laid in the material as well as in the spiritual illumination of the soul forces that control the ponderable and the imponderable, the spiritual and material evolutions of the deific soul. The knowledge of the laws of procreation, generation and the evolution of spirit into soul are the materials that are requisite to build this foundation upon. Therefore, all humanitarians, as well as Spiritualists, should learn and teach these primal sciences of the spiritual forces of procreative life, the laws governing the generative forces of both sexes, the adaptability of the positive and negative forces to unite in the creation of a more perfect physical structure, clarifying the soul forces through a knowledge of the laws of spiritual unfoldment

adapting the soul to a higher evolution of soul forces that gives a more perfect individuality, consequently a more harmonious expression of deific love.

To teach these sciences in the past would not be permitted by orthodox teachers. They held a monopoly over the knowledge that should be given to humanity, denouncing them as vulgar, corrupting the morals and habits of men and women who read and study these laws.

We affirm that these are the materials to build a foundation with that the spiritual forces of nature may be known. Then, and not until then, will humanity be able to obey her laws, for the effects of broken law are seen all around us, prenatal conditions operating against the fulfillment of divine law that must be understood to be obeyed to the harmonious unfolding of the spiritual forces that constitute the physical body, also purifying the component parts of light that constitute the soul, the animal man.

The science of spiritual forces is in its incipient state; spiritual teachers will arise and elucidate the laws that govern the unseen forces of spirit that produce the effects as seen throughout nature from the material side of her reflected light that shines forth to the consciousness of the individualized man. That soul force that weighs worlds, computes their distance and foretells the time an eclipse of the sun will occur is a part of the celestial translucent light that is omnific. Therefore if this force can transcend matter in its material environment to such an extent at the present time what think you are the possibilities of the soul when the spiritual science of forces is understood and obeyed by him; then will the animal man have purified the soul forces that he can send out impulses of light that he may explore everywhere within the atmosphere of our planet, the past read as from a book, the present known and the future foretold.

All the known and also the unknown forces of nature are the aggregation of divine impulses made manifest to the consciousness of the deific soul of man. All these forces are life; their amalgamation produces spiritual entities that become unfolded into higher spiritual entities through the law of evolution, and ultimately become procreative spiritual entities as seen in the lower orders of animal life, for all animal life is spirit that by evolution ascends to its highest state of unfoldment, namely, instinct, the borderland of soul—the next evolution producing the soul, the animal man; until this evolution they are only spirit; soul gives an individuality that by amalgamation and obedience to the laws of affinity and purification may become perfected individualized souls while inhabiting the physical form.

SAN FRANCISCO.

## "What of It?"

EDITOR OF *GOLDEN GATE*:

Your article on independent slate-writing, of the 8th inst., is worthy of the consideration of our deepest thinkers, and illustrates a phenomenon, which, in itself, should startle and electrify the world. Having been with the renowned Dr. Slade, and witnessed the wonders of his slate-writing, I am prepared to fully believe every word you write, and I veritably believe that we are only at the beginning of these revelations. Of course the law is not new by which these wonders are performed, no more than the laws governing electricity or chemistry, but the discovery or revelation of the law is what is new, and the discovery of one law is but the precursor or forerunner of something else, and who can tell when, how or where, these new discoveries will end? Nothing short, I believe, with the full knowledge to every child of earth, that we are compassed about with a great army of unseen intelligences, "both when we sleep and when we wake," who are ever ready to administer unto all. I do not suppose it possible to convey to us in the form the true relations of spirit life; it is very difficult for us to understand how a spirit can take hold of a bit of pencil under a slate, or between two slates and write an intelligent communication, still we are forced to admit that it can be done. It seems like an impossibility for a spirit to materialize his vocal organs so that he can talk to us in his natural voice and remain invisible to the material eye, yet we know this is done repeatedly, even here in Portland, and what surprises me most is that people can be found who, when informed of this wonderful thing, will say, "Well, what of it?"

C. A. REED.

PORTLAND, OREGON, May 18, 1886.

## Voices from the Cabinet.

(Spirit "Holland" in Beacon Light.)

Be cheerful, remember the old adage "Do not say good morning to misfortune until you meet it."

We must go on, we cannot stay back for the skeptical mind. The grosser phenomena of Spiritualism can be found elsewhere. We are conditioning matters for higher work.

Man needs a healthy organism, and your spirit friends require the same from you. Friends, keep the windows of your houses clean that angels may look in upon you.

Bell ringing and tambourine playing are only the alphabet—We want something more intellectual, friends, give us conditions for something higher.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

**FRED EVANS' MAGNETISED DEVELOPING SLATES!**

**FRED EVANS.**  
THE  
WONDERFUL  
Slate-Writer!  
And  
AUTOMATIC  
Writer!

Has been instructed by his guides to announce to his friends and the public, that he is prepared, through his guides, to develop any mediumistic persons for these convincing phases of spirit power. Persons residing at a distance can send for Mr. Evans' MAGNETISED DEVELOPING SLATES with instructions of how to sit. Send four 1-cent stamps for circular, stating age, sex, etc., in your hand-writing, to

**FRED EVANS,**  
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**PROFESSIONAL CARDS.**

**MRS. HUBBARD,**  
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PSYCHOMETRIST AND TEST MEDIUM.  
Sittings daily, \$1.  
Circles Sunday and Thursday Evenings, 25 cents.  
may29\*

**CALIF. SPIRITUALIST'S CAMP-MEETING.**

The Second Annual Camp-meeting will open at Oakland on the 5th of June, and continue to July 5th. Our local speakers and mediums will be assisted by W. J. Colville, trance speaker, of Boston, and F. O. Matthews, platform test medium and speaker, of Brooklyn, N. Y. An afternoon and evening meeting will be held each day of the week, with exception of Monday. There will be a good restaurant on the grounds, and an abundance of tents furnished and ready for occupancy upon arrival of campers. A cordial invitation is extended to all to be present and participate. All communications should be addressed to

**G. H. HAWES,**  
Corresponding Secretary,  
320 Sansome street, San Francisco.

**W. J. COLVILLE.**

The eloquent trance speaker of Boston, during the four weeks of the camp-meeting, will teach a private class on the grounds under the inspiration of his guides, in metaphysics and mental healing. The course will comprise twelve lessons, or three each week. During these teachings mediumship is greatly developed in the pupils. Price of the course is \$5. Persons wishing to join the class, or desiring further information, are requested to communicate with the Corresponding Secretary, G. H. Hawes, 320 Sansome street, San Francisco.

**PASS THEM ALONG.**

We printed large extra editions of all the earlier numbers of the *GOLDEN GATE*, many copies of which we have yet on hand. As interesting samples they are just as good to send to those who have never seen the paper as the latest edition. We will send these papers in packages, postage paid, to whoever may wish to scatter the good seed, for fifty cents per hundred copies—package of fifty copies, twenty-five cents.

## NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

**SPIRITUAL SERVICES** by the Golden Gate Religious and Philosophical Society, at Metropolitan Temple, under the ministrations of the celebrated and eloquent inspirational lecturer, Mrs. E. L. Watson, Sunday, May 29d. Morning service, at 11 a. m., Prof. Lambert will reply to his critics. Lecture at 8 p. m. Subject: "Behold I bring you glad tidings of great joy that shall be unto all people." The Children's Progressive Lyceum at 12:30 p. m. A cordial invitation to attend is extended to all.

**SPIRITUALISM.**—"Light and Truth."—At Washington Hall, 35 Eddy street. Every Sunday evening there will be a conference and fact meeting, closing with a test seance by mediums of a variety of phases. All Speakers and Mediums invited.

**PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTS.**—The "Progressive Spiritualists" meet in Washington Hall, No. 35 Eddy street, every Sunday afternoon at 1 o'clock p. m. All subjects relating to human welfare and Spiritual unfoldment treated in open conference. All are invited.

**N. B.**—The Free Spiritual Library in charge of this Society is open to all persons on Sundays from 1 to 4 o'clock p. m. Contributions of books and money solicited.

**THE OAKLAND SPIRITUAL ASSOCIATION.**—Meets every Sunday, at 2 p. m., at Grand Armory Hall, 419 Thirteenth street. Public cordially invited. Direct all communications to G. A. Carter, 360 Eighth street, Oakland.

**DO SPIRITS OF DEAD MEN AND WOMEN RETURN TO MORTALS?** Mrs. E. R. Herbert, a spirit Medium, gives sittings daily from 12 to 4 p. m., (Sunday excepted), at No. 418 Twelfth Street, Oakland, Cal. Conference meetings Sunday evenings! Developing Circles, Tuesday evenings. Public are invited. no18

**LIBERTY HALL SPIRITUAL SOCIETY** meets every Thursday evening, at 7:30 o'clock p. m., at Liberty Hall, Brush street, near Market street local railroad station. Direct all communications to Admision, free. Dr. Poulson, Lecturer. Marshall Curtis, President.

**MEDIUMS' UNION SPIRITUAL MEETINGS.**—At St. Andrews' Hall, No. 111 Larkin street, every Wednesday evening. Good speakers and mediums present. Admission free.

## TO FRIENDS OF THE GOLDEN GATE

For the purpose of placing the *GOLDEN GATE* upon a basis that shall inspire public confidence in its stability, and also for the purpose of extending the field of its usefulness, a number of prominent and influential Spiritualists have organized themselves into a Joint Stock Company known as the "Golden Gate Printing and Publishing Company," with a capital stock of \$15,000, divided into 3,000 shares of \$5 each. The corporation is invested with power to carry on a general printing and publishing business; to buy and sell, hold and inherit real estate; to receive, hold and dispose of bequests; to deal in books and periodicals; in short, the foundation is laid for the future of a large publishing, printing and book-dealing business.

It is agreed that each share of the capital stock of said Company subscribed for shall entitle the holder to an annual dividend of ten per cent, payable in subscription to the paper. That is, the holder of five shares, or \$25 of stock, shall be entitled to a copy of the paper free, so long as the corporation exists, together with all the profits and advantages which the ownership of said stock may bring. (The paper at \$2.50 per annum—the lowest price at which it can be afforded—being equivalent to ten per cent of \$25.) For any less number than five shares a pro rata reduction will be allowed on subscription to the paper. Thus, the holder of but one share will receive a perpetual reduction of fifty cents on his annual subscription. That is, he will be entitled to the paper for \$2 per annum. The holder of two shares will pay but \$1.50; of three shares, \$1; four shares, 50 cents, and of five shares, nothing.

By this arrangement every share-holder will receive, as we have before stated, what is equivalent to a perpetual annual dividend of ten per cent. The subscriber for twenty shares of the stock, or \$100, would be entitled to four copies of the paper. He could, if he chose, dispose of three of these copies among his acquaintances, at the regular subscription rate of \$2.50 for each per annum, and thereby realize what would be equivalent to a cash dividend of seven and one-half per cent on his investment, and have his own paper free in addition.

This plan of incorporation can not fail to commend itself to every Spiritualist who has the welfare of the cause at heart.

As no more stock will be sold than will be necessary for the needs of the business—which will not be likely to exceed, in any event, over fifty per cent of the nominal capital—and as the paper will be conducted on the most economical principles, there will be no probability of, or necessity for, future assessments. The sale of the reserved stock would be ample to meet any contingency that might possibly arise. But, with careful management, there will be no necessity to draw upon this reserve. On the other hand, from the present outlook and the encouragement the paper is receiving, we confidently believe that the time is not far distant when the business will pay a fair cash dividend upon the stock, in addition to that already provided for.

This is no vagary of an inexperienced journalist, but the firm conviction of one who has had a quarter of a century of successful experience in journalistic management. You can order the stock by mail just the same as in person, and will receive therewith a guaranty of free subscription.

While the paper is now placed beyond the possibility of failure, still its future usefulness will depend, in a large measure, upon the liberality of its patronage. All Spiritualists who can afford it should not only take the paper but also secure some of its stock, which will be a safe and profitable investment.

The Board of Trustees named in the articles of incorporation (which have been duly filed) consists of the following gentlemen: Amos Adams, M. B. Dodge, R. A. Robinson, Dr. Robert Brown and J. J. Owen. President of the Board, Hon. Amos Adams.

## FORM OF BEQUEST.

To those who may be disposed to contribute by will to the spread of the gospel of Spiritualism through the *GOLDEN GATE*, the following form of bequest is suggested:

"I give and bequeath to the *GOLDEN GATE* Printing and Publishing Company, of San Francisco, incorporated, November 28th, 1885, in trust, for the uses and dissemination of the cause of Spiritualism, — dollars."

MR. AND MRS. FRED EVANS.

These popular young mediums will hold their interesting seances for full form materialization, independent slate-writing and physical manifestations on Tuesday, Thursday and Sunday evenings, at 8 o'clock sharp. Mediums sit in audience room. Seats may be secured in advance by calling or addressing Fred Evans 1244 Mission street.

## GROVE MEETING.

The Clackamas County Religious Society of Spiritualists, of the State of Oregon, will hold a grove meeting at their grounds at New Era, beginning Thursday, June 17th, and holding five days, or more if agreeable, to campers. Efforts will be made to secure the usual reduction in fare for those attending the meeting. Good order will be maintained; hotels convenient. A cordial invitation is extended to all.

WM. PHILLIPS, President.  
THOMAS BUCKMAN, Secretary.



## Singular Prediction.

(From Dr. G. B. Crane's Autobiography.)

In New York City I learned what was meant by "San Francisco direct." It was to sail around the Horn without one stopping place. On the 6th of January 1853, we, (wife, daughter and self) took passage on board the clipper ship Eagle, 1,300 tons burden, and sailed towards Africa.

But my journey, which I have always been endeavoring to find time and strength to transcribe and put in a more readable condition, will be sufficient to show that I registered temperature of air and water from New York to near the Island of Saint Paul, then in a southwest direction to and through the Straits of Le Maire, doubling the Horn, then sailed north-westerly until we had passed San Francisco a hundred miles, tacked, ran back and anchored in its harbor on the last day of April and landed next morning, May 1, 1853.

Here I am reminded of the verification, substantially, of a singular prediction. With our passengers, besides Capt. John John S. Farren, his wife, son and two daughters we had an English military officer who had spent ten years in India. He was the first confirmed Spiritualist I ever knew. We had been two or three days becalmed, seven hundred miles southwest of San Francisco. Captain Farren had just been telling me that on his last voyage he was detained "off the Heads" for ten days or more by the fogs, and should not be surprised if we now, between the "doldrums," or belt of variable winds and calms in which we lay, failed to reach San Francisco for weeks, when Lieut. Casement emerged from his state-room, in which he had been shut for days, fasting meantime. "Ladies and gentlemen," said he, "I have the pleasure of announcing to you that we are to reach San Francisco next Saturday."

"Who told you?" asked the Captain, jocosely.

"My mother," was the reply. A good laugh of the company (we were at the breakfast table) ensued. He had often spoken of his mother's death which occurred five years previously.

I followed him to the quarter-deck, and with partially assumed sincerity inquired how his mother imparted to him the information, and the philosophy of the process. It was something analogous to what is now known as automatic writing.

"But," said I, "to-day is Wednesday, and we can't sail seven hundred miles, even with good wind, by Saturday."

"That is quite nonsense," he testily replied. "I have this from higher authority than mere flesh and blood. I don't pretend to explain how spirits in the higher life know more of the laws of meteorology than we do, but they evidently do, and we shall be in San Francisco before nine o'clock Saturday night if we live, and we are sure to live."

Strangely enough, almost while we were talking on the subject, a "norwester" struck us and the good ship flew off literally "on the wings of the wind."

I suggested to Mr. C——, to put down the laugh—by obtaining other particulars in relation to our arrival, as the fulfillment of one prediction alone would be made to pass as a coincidence.

"This," said he, "I should be afraid to attempt. It would be irreverent evoke information not spontaneously offered."

Hours later he approached me enthusiastically. "I was impressed to sit again. She told me my father did not go to Australia as I expected he had, as you have heard me often say, and also that my brother is now in San Francisco, and that we will be there early enough Saturday for me to see him."

On Saturday morning Captain Farren and Mr. Bailey, (the first officer) were busy in examining their log, and comparing reckonings and determined that they were too far north—tacked ship and ran southeast. Soon "Land, ho!" was cried from the mast-head, and anon the Farralones were in sight. The pilot boat met us, bringing newspapers, told us of the organization of the Cabinet of the new administration, etc.

For four months, less six days, we had not seen a human being outside of our vessel but once, then we spoke a ship, nor seen land except Terra del Fuego and Staten Land, separated from it by the Straits of Le Maire, seemingly but a few hundred yards wide, and through which we sailed in "doubling the Cape."

Between the "Gate" and the city, the Pilot, to whom the Captain had given charge of the ship, dropped anchor, because, as he said, he could get a better berth in the morning. At this our "prophet" was furious, said it was a contrivance of the Captain to defeat the promise that we should be in San Francisco on Saturday. Geographically, I suppose we were in San Francisco. But he (the Lieutenant), was to be there in time to see his brother that evening.

True, he had time to go ashore, before dark by a row of two or three miles, but that, he thought, did not meet the fulfillment of his prophecy.

I simply relate the facts, and add that Mr. Casement wrote them out and they were published in the *Alta California*.

Spiritualism has since attained to large proportions. Few among the learned or unlearned who have been able to divest themselves of the glamour of traditional preconceptions and examine dispassionately the phenomena on which it is based, have failed to become convinced that they afford evidence stronger than Holy Writ, that death is but the development of a higher life and that the end of this is but the beginning of an existence not perceptible to ordinary vision—but far more desirable, especially if this has been a well spent life.

Walking out into the town I was accosted by Joseph B. Wells, Esq., who took me to Page & Bacon's Bank, introduced me to the officers and to his law partner, H. H. Haight, who, then, a mere boy in appearance, I little expected to see fill the Executive Chair of this State. But I did. The kind reception with which I was greeted by my old Missouri friend, Judge Wells, I have often thought of as a type of our advent into the world to come. I was most happy to meet in this "promised land" any one I had ever known in the East or elsewhere; whereas if I had been a bad character, if I had ever done anything of a disgraceful nature in any country, I should have been afraid of meeting some one who knew my antecedents, and that fear would have been "fire and brimstone" to me.

## President Cleveland's Guiding Star.

(Religio-Philosophical Journal.)

It is said by a leading daily paper, that Mr. Cleveland is a fatalist and believes in a guiding star. Senator Ingalls made this assertion in his speech in the Senate recently, and it has also been frequently made in the newspapers and never been denied, but it is now said that he also believes in the guidance of spirits, and that he consults a medium frequently as to what course he shall pursue when he is in doubt. It is said that when he was Sheriff of Buffalo he went to a medium once for sport and was told by her that he would one day be Governor of the State of New York and afterward President of the United States.

The fact that this prophecy was so accurately fulfilled has given the President permanent faith in mediums, and it is said that a Mrs. —, a medium, is in the habit of going to the President and giving him advice. She has told him, it is claimed, that he will be re-elected if he lives to serve out the end of his term, and it is also claimed that she has told him that he will not die from illness. These predictions are said to have made a great impression upon the President's mind, and account for the extraordinary care which the President exercises to avoid accidents. I was informed the other day that the reason he did not go to Vice-President Hendricks' funeral was that this medium advised him not to do so for fear he might be injured on the way.

It is a remarkable fact that the President is never seen in public in Washington. He never goes to any public gatherings, and he has been to the theatre but once since he was inaugurated, and no one in the house knew he was present, as he sat behind the curtain in his box. He never walks upon the street, and when he goes out riding usually prefers a close carriage, so that he can not be recognized. Lincoln, Johnson, Grant, Hayes and Garfield were all accustomed to drive in open carriages, and to walk freely upon the streets. Scarcely a pleasant day ever passed while Grant was President that he was not to be seen walking up and down Pennsylvania avenue, bowing to his friends, and stopping to shake hands with them.

Mr. Cleveland has never been down Pennsylvania avenue in his life except to be inaugurated and to attend the funeral of the Vice-President, and then he went in a close carriage. Very few people in Washington know the President by sight, and they have seen him only at his public receptions.

PRAYING IN PUBLIC.—We shouldn't wonder if Sam Jones struck very nearly the truth of the matter when he made the following remark: "That old brother out there says, 'I don't pray in public.' I ask him why. He says because he is timid. It is because you are mean; that is the secret of the whole thing. A fellow don't like to pray before the public when he hasn't lived right before the public. I heard of a fellow once, and a preacher called on him to pray, and he prayed a little, and directly he said, 'O Lord, give us soul-saving religion,' and one of his creditors who was present hollered out, 'and debt-paying religion,' and to that the fellow had to say amen, and quit. He had him there. And a man that don't live right before the public don't like to pray before the public."

As experience of twenty years of judicial life has taught me that more than seven-eighths of crimes committed in this country, which involved personal violence, were traceable to the use of intoxicating liquors. That of all the causes of sin and misery, of pauperism and wretchedness, intoxicating liquor stands forth the unapproachable chief.—Judge Noah Davis.

A New York banker and broker estimates that American citizens will this year spend \$70,000,000 in pleasuring in Europe.

## Not True to Life.

Jennie L. Wilson, writing in the Cedar Rapids (Iowa) Gazette on that fruitful topic, "Ostler Joe," points out the greatest defect in Sims' now famous recital. She says:

It has been a source of perplexity and wonder to some people that so simple a story as that contained in the poem and the incident of its recitation should have attracted such general attention and called forth so many criticisms and comments. Possibly it may have been because of its deviation from facts. It is a common enough story, but it is not true to life. Women seldom desert their husbands and children after the manner of the wife of "Ostler Joe." In the rare instances when they do, they don't end their career in the arms of a loving, forgiving husband, ready to bury the shame and wrong forever out of sight. Such magnanimity is not a masculine attribute. It is altogether foreign to the masculine character. Men do not forgive unfaithful wives and honor their memory. They couldn't do it if they wished to. Public opinion would never countenance such sentimental weakness in a man. It would be an infringement on "woman's sphere" which could not be overlooked. Clearly, Mr. Sims made a great mistake when he wrote the poem. He evidently misplaced his characters. Perhaps, however, he only acted on the theory, that "it is a poor rule that won't work both ways." If he had only portrayed a recreant husband, steeped in every conceivable sin, sunk to the lowest depths of infamy, a moral leper whose very breath was contamination, coming back after long years—repentant or unrepentant, it matters not which—to a faithful, long-suffering wife, who receives him with open arms and a heart filled only with pity and forgiveness, the virtuous, high-toned society of Washington would have been delighted and the press would have vied with each other in commendatory plaudits, expressive of the highest appreciation of the story from beginning to end. That would have been perfectly proper, and according to innumerable facts in real life. It is man's privilege to sin and woman's duty to forgive. Old and well-established customs have settled this, and any departure from the general rule, even in fiction, is met with universal condemnation.

## Spirits vs. Spiritualism.

(Dramatic News.)

The doctrines of Spiritualism are said to have taken firm hold of quite a number of prominent theatrical people, who have become devout believers in them, and who give up all their leisure to rappings and table tippings, and the rest of the mysterious manifestations common to the faith. Per contra, we are told the prevalence of hard drinking in the profession is a thing of the past, and the practice of it grows constantly rarer.

If this is the case, we can afford to accept the Spiritualistic mania as a very moderate evil indeed. The spirits of the air which have banished the spirits of the earth are not nearly as dangerous to those who bow to their sway. A Spiritualist may be, and when he is sincere commonly is, a decent enough person and a useful citizen. The sooner he supplants the devotee of the bottle in and out of the theatrical world the better.

It is a curious possibility to contemplate that the time may arrive when an actor, instead of dropping in at one of the public houses of the Rialto to drink, will drop in at a seance to consult the phantom of a deceased friend or relative, and when the prevalent evening relaxation of working the growler will be superseded by the gathering of a circle around a tea table to draw spiritual comfort from the disembodied atmosphere, instead of the liquid embodiment of the decanter and the beer keg.

We fancy it will be a long time, however, before the publicans who thrive by the profession will have to put up their shutters and cut their throats behind their deserted bars. The spirits they deal in can down those of Home and Slade in one round every time.

## Yellowstone Park in Winter.

(Wellington Park Letter.)

I descended the valley and followed for some miles in the beaten trail made by the band of elk. In a little while I discerned far ahead what appeared to be jets of steam rising from the factories of a manufacturing town. It was steam, but it came from the hot springs and fountains of the Lower Geyser basin. Directly over this basin hovered a cloud of frost or mist, which was caused by the hot steam rising and coming in contact with the cold air above. The geysers in this basin are not clustered, but are scattered indiscriminately over an area of about thirty square miles. Within this area are nearly 700 hot springs constantly sputtering and bubbling and seventeen geysers in active operation.

This basin was covered with snow to a depth of from two to six feet. Here and there could be seen great bare places, where the hot springs and geysers were busily at work. I observed especially a new wonder, which had never been named or noticed until quite recently. This was the chemical basin, of which

there are three divisions, containing vast bowls or basins of decomposed rock, pulverized and in a liquid form, of every shade and color and so hot, even then, that it would be instant death to any living thing which had the misfortune to slip down the oily walls into one of these seething abysses. On the banks of Fire-hole river, near the chemical basin, is a cabin, which is a station for some of the employees of the park. I remained over night at this cabin and next morning resumed my journey to the upper basin.

Nothing can be more lovely on a cold, frosty morning than the sight of the white steam jets tinged by the rays of the rising sun ascending against the background of dark pine woods and the clear sky above. This was the sight I had all the way to the upper basin. For a distance of six miles the roadway is lined with active and extinct geysers, also hot, bubbling springs and others, which I remembered to have seen before, but was sure had been dead for many years. I observed that many of these former quiet geysers and dead springs had sprung into action again. Could it be that these craters, like volcanoes of the world, remain idle for a long period and then come to life again? It must be so, for while many of the geysers in the park are evidently on the decline, on the other hand, many old fellows that have possibly been silent for ages, are renewing operations and going to work again.

It is time that the spirit of the dead past and the living present met and grappled; time that all the forces that hold man in ignorance and slavery met those which would lift him up into liberty and the light. Ignorance and knowledge, right and wrong, freedom and slavery, can not any longer occupy the same field or sit together at the same board in peace. One or the other must be sole ruler—sovereign over the hearts and minds of the people.

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**EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTORS:**  
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## The Divining Rod Idea.

(John Whetherbee in "Mind" in Nature.)

Looking into a tea-store window one will sometimes see the automatic image of a man grinding coffee; observation will show that the wheel turns the man, not the man the wheel, or to be more homely in our symbol, "the tail wags the dog."

We believe in the mythical potency of "Divining rods," but the mysterious power is in the man, not in the rod. No doubt there is a psychological influence in the rod that may be in some, or many cases a factor, at least so far as to aid, or stimulate the power that is in the man. From old associations, the forked branch of witch-hazel is the popular divining rod, and with some people has an appreciable effect that any other forked twig might not have, but it is metaphysical rather than intrinsic.

A human divining rod, that is, a man with the power in him constitutionally, one for instance, also, who considers Friday an unlucky day, and would not commence anything important on that day, would be likely to be one who would consider witch-hazel an aid, and with such a one, it would be. This you see is on the principle that Hippocrates suggested, when he said, "the second best medicine was the best for one who thinks so." One step farther and we come to Christian Science, or Mind-cure. Really the active human world is quite full of divining rods.

No one can have been a close observer of human movements without having perceived a divining rod power in some persons; a sensing of coming events, a reaching of points at a shorter cut than by mathematical or studious calculations. We are in the habit of calling those with such "divining-rod" traits, far seeing men. Narrowing our field a little for the sake of simplicity and brevity and take stock and speculative movements, booms and panics, can any one with experience have failed of noticing that there are those who sense coming events, feel in their bones, so to speak, risings and depressions in advance of the fact? It is hardly worth while to argue this point, for the illustration of the divining-rod idea, I can only say after long observation of street activities nothing is more certain than this. As a member of a board of brokers in a large city for over thirty years, there never was a time when it was not wise (if making a turn for a profit is wise) to watch and follow the movements of certain people. Such people are rarely good judges of merit or value, are not given to statistics, or can with logic and judgment demonstrate the intrinsic value of a security, the impulse in them to buy or sell is an intuitive one. I will relate a circumstance of another kind to illustrate my point.

P. P. F. Degrand, thirty or forty years ago, was quite a local celebrity. When a young man he fought a duel and was hit in his elbow which stiffened thereby, and falling afterwards on the ice, he broke it again, which destroyed the joint, as a joint for the rest of his life. He was my neighbor, and one very pleasant morning I met him coming out with an umbrella under his arm, and I said, "Mr. Degrand you don't think it will rain do you?" so clear and the "wind West?" "Yes I do," he replied. "I know it will, I have a little tell-tale," pointing to his defective elbow, "that says so." And it did so, for later it was a rainy day. This occurred correctly so many times, that I considered it phenomenal. His elbow was a "divining-rod," it sensed water; to be sure, it was a spring in the air; it will not be hard from this to find the possibility and rationality of some having "defects" that would detect it in the earth. I use the word defect in an Emersonian way, who said once, "there is a crack in everything that God has made and the light of heaven shines through the crevice." This brings us back to divining-rods proper.

I met a singular man once who had invented a new kind of divining-rod, this was when the silver mines were attracting attention in Essex county, near Newburyport. The prongs of his rod were whalebone, united at the point by a metallic bulb, the secret was in the bulb and he kept it. The whalebone prongs were quite stiff and the contrivance could be held horizontally easily, which was the usual way he carried it when in use. It required quite a force to bend it downwards when held firm and horizontal before him. There was unmistakable evidence that there was force enough at times, or in some places to do it, and where it did there were arguerous indications. I had had experiments many times before with such devices, once for a long time in Nevada City, but the further statement of this Massachusetts case will explain my point. We blindfolded this man and led him over soil under which we knew the silver vein ran, from the blossoms of it that cropped out from spot to spot in its course; the man would not know where he was, but his rod would bend and point downward with such force as to be painful to hold the ends, it was as palpably evident that a force attracted the point downward as if a ten pound weight were hung on its extremity. I have then taken the rod in my own hands, walked over the spot that covered the vein and no indications would be manifest, others did the same and no manifestations. Pass it into the owner's hands again and the rod would give its indication of silver. This was not a solitary experiment, but certainly it was a conclusive one, that the man himself was the

real divining-rod. We will merely say again that the human world is pretty full of divining-rods for various purposes. Possibly there is a royal road to knowledge after all.

BOSTON, March 24, 1886.

## A Few Thoughts.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

It seems that "W. A. B., of Oakland," wishes some further information on the subject of a prior existence, from my stand-point. He wishes to know what his condition was before he entered "this vale of tears," and how to find it out, etc. As we do not know our petitioner, we must take it for granted he is honest and willing to know the truth, so we will, in a general way, try to respond.

As we said before, the subject is so vast, embracing as it does the entire foundation of all physical life in all worlds and through all time, I hardly dare ask sufficient space in any newspaper for a full elucidation. Then again, the theme is so foreign to the common thought of our time, that it hardly justifies an effort. The majority of the people believe that God created them, and that, of course, is the end of the argument, except, perhaps, with friend Taylor, who, it seems, has back-slid into the idea that the forces of nature put him up with an outfit of eternal possibilities. It is hard for the human mind to understand how a thing can exist without a beginning.

Now, in answer to our friend's desire, we will say, In your home in the spirit world there is a record of all your life's work in the spirit and physical of this realm. If progress has prepared you for this fact, then you may seek while in "this vale of tears," and find out something of its meaning and of the life eternal. If your physical brain is not able to take up in memory experiences of that other life, then you are dependent on some developed spirit for the information you wish.

In 1882, I joined Red Cloud's band of developing spirits. Since then we have worked together faithfully, and freed thousands of spirits from earth's environments, all of which are able to return and give correct information on this subject, provided you make proper conditions for them to do so. Some of them might furnish you with the desired information by going to the record in your spirit home and transcribe it for you through some slate, writing medium in material form. Or, if I were sitting for that phase and could come in sympathy or *en rapport* with you and your guides, I might bring you the desired information; but before you could receive the information as a fact, you might have to divest your mind of many preconceived notions of truth; you would have perhaps to become a new creature, not in Christ Jesus, but in the new kingdom of truth that is coming to the world from the spirit side of life. All this would require time and effort to rise out of the darkness of the past. You can not with one bound reach the supernal heights of all truth. It is a thing of growth.

I understand you are somewhat of a medium; your brain has already been touched by spirit thoughts, for you say, "The subject of a prior existence has often been in my mind." This does not belong to earth; it is from the spirit side of life, and you could not have received it had you not been a medium. If you wish to know more of what you ask, you should cultivate your mediumistic gifts by sitting to yourself, say, one hour each day, in a negative condition of mind, asking the good spirits (for all are good—there is no bad) to assist you in your onward way, and the reward will be glorious to you in time and eternity.

Material things are but shadows, and we are all ghosts when compared with the real, which is the spiritual. We may indeed be poor in material wealth, but rich in a jasper-walled mansion just over the way. Human love is but a drop compared with that love that is born of the spirit and knows not selfishness. In conclusion let me say to you, my dear friend, seek earnestly to know of the invisible powers that are moving in and around you, for they are all intelligent and would prove to you worthy factors in the present contest for truth and right.

Further on in your communication you say, "Would like to ask him (referring to me) by what *modus operandi* he visited that certain locality, if in body or mind, and where that certain locality can be found." The locality can be found on the river Thames, which is in England. My mind was manifesting through my physical body during a majority of the time it was in said locality. With this much I remain your ever obedient servant,

A. M. STODDARD.

OAKLAND, May 20, 1886.

LIVING.—To be pure, to be helpful, to be just, to be righteous, is in any event the one thing to live for. As Charles Kingsley wrote to his young curate, just after "Essays and Reviews" appeared, "Do what is right the best way you can, and wait to the end to know." No better prescription for doubt was ever written. Anyhow, everywhere, always, in the darkest hour, in the sorest distress, in the thickest mystery, this supreme duty and privilege is still ours—to do the best we know how.—*Boston Investigator.*

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JANUARY, 1886.

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It is not a catch-pecunia get-up, such as a pad, belt, pessary nor magnetic appliance, but simply a medicine to be applied externally on the parts affected, which cures by absorption, and which is the only reliable method of curing Seminal Weakness and Loss of Sexual Power. Send five 2-cent stamps for his "Private Counselor," giving full information. Address, Dr. R. F. FELLOWS, Vineland, N. J., and say where you saw this advertisement.

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## Revelation.

"And I went into the Vale of Bevoer, and as I went I preached repentance to the people. And one morning, sitting by the fire, a great cloud came over me, and a temptation beset me. And it was said: 'All things come by Nature,' and the Elements and the Stars came over me. And as I sat still and let it alone, a living hope arose in me, and a true Voice which said: 'There is a living God who made all things.' And immediately the cloud and the temptation vanished, and Life ran over all, and my heart was glad, and my heart was glad, and I praised the living God."—JOURNAL OF GEORGE FOX, 1693.

Still, as of old in Bevoer's Vale,  
O man of God! no hope and faith  
The Elements and Stars assail,  
And the awful spirit holds its breath,  
Blown over by a wind of death.

Takes Nature thought for such as we,  
What place her human atom fills,  
The wind-drift of her careless soul,  
The mist on her unheeding hills?  
What rocks she of our helplessness with?

Strange god of Force, with fear, not love,  
His trembling worshiper! Can prayer  
Reach the shut ear of Fate, or move  
Unyielding Energy to spare?  
What dith the cosmic Vastness care?

In vain to this dread Unconcern  
For the All-Father's love we look;  
In vain, in quest of it, we turn  
The stored leaves of Nature's book,  
The stried rocky tablets look.

I pray for faith, I long to trust;  
I listen with my heart, and hear  
A Voice without a sound: "Be just,  
Be true, be merciful, reverse  
The Word within thee: God is near!"

"A light to sky and earth unknown  
Pales all their lights; a mightier force  
Than theirs the powers of Nature own,  
And to its goal as at its source,  
His Spirit moves the Universe."

"Believe and trust. Through stars and suns,  
Through all occasions and events,  
His will, paternal purpose runs:  
The darkness of His providence  
Is starlit with benign intents."

O joy supreme! I know the Voice  
Like none beside on earth or sea;  
Yea, more, O soul of mine rejoice!  
By all that He requires of me,  
I know what God himself must be.

No picture to my aid I call,  
I shape no image in my prayer;  
I only know in Him is all  
Of life, light, beauty, everywhere,  
Eternal Goodness here and there!

I know He is, and what He is,  
Whose one great purpose is the good  
Of all. I rest my soul on His  
Immortal Love and Fatherhood;  
And trust Him, as His children should.

Not less that His restraining hand  
Is on our selfish seekings laid,  
And, shorn of words and works, we stand  
Of vain illusions disarrayed,  
The richer for our losses made.

I fear no more. The clouded face  
Of Nature smiles; through all her things  
Of time and space and sense I trace  
The moving of the Spirit's wings,  
And hear the song of hope she sings.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

## The Art of Living.

DEEPER than all sense of seeing  
Lies the secret source of being,  
And the soul with truth agreeing  
Learns to live in thoughts and deeds;  
For the life is more than raiment,  
And the earth is pledged for payment,  
Unto man for all his needs.

Nature is our common mother;  
Every living man our brother;  
Therefore let us serve each other:  
Not to meet the law's behest,  
But because, from careful giving,  
We shall learn the art of living,  
And to love and serve is best.

Life is more than what man fancies;  
Not a game of idle chances;  
But it steadily advances  
Up the rugged hills of time,  
Till each complete web of trouble,  
Every sad hope's broken bubble,  
Hath a meaning most sublime.

More of practice, less profession;  
More of firmness, less concession;  
More of freedom, less oppression  
In the church and in the State;  
More of life and less of fashion;  
More of love and less of passion,  
That will make us good and great.

When true hearts divinely gifted,  
From the chaff of error sifted,  
On their crosses are uplifted,  
Shall the world most clearly see  
That earth's greatest time of trial  
Calls for holy self-denial,  
Calls on men to do and be.

But forever and forever  
Let it be the soul's endeavor  
Love from hatred to discover,  
And whatever we may do,  
Won by love's eternal beauty,  
To our highest sense of duty  
Evermore be firm and true.

—LIZZIE DOTEN.

## Rest.

My feet are weary, and my hands are tied,  
My soul oppressed—  
And I desire, what I have long desired—  
Rest—only rest.

'Tis hard to toil, when toil is almost vain,  
In barren ways,  
'Tis hard to sow, and never garner grain,  
In harvest days.

The burden of my days is hard to bear,  
But God knows best;  
And I have prayed, but vain has been my prayer,  
For rest—sweet rest.

'Tis hard to plant in Spring and never reap  
The Autumn yield;  
'Tis hard to till, and when 'tis tilled to weep  
O'er fruitless field.

And so I cry a weak and human cry,  
So heart oppressed;  
And so I sigh a weak and human sigh,  
For rest—for rest.

My way has wound across the desert years,  
And cares infest  
My path, and through the flowing of hot tears  
I pine for rest.

And I am restless still; 'twill soon be o'er!  
For, down the West  
Life's sun is setting, and I see the shore  
Where I shall rest.

—THE LATE FATHER RYAN.

## Mrs. Burdette's Last Hours.

The Burlington *Hawkeye* publishes a private letter written by Mr. R. J. Burdette, describing the last hours of his suffering wife. Following is an extract:

The gray light of early morn was creeping through the open windows, and on her patient face, glorified by suffering, was shining another fairer light, that I knew was streaming from celestial portals opening for her. She smiled sweetly as I crossed the room and stopped to kiss her, and said:

"Rob, dear, it is

The chill before the dawning,  
Before the night and morning."

It was the hour at which she had expressed a wish that she might pass away, and I knew she referred to a favorite verse of a poem that she loved. I said:

"Yes, dear; I think the sun will come very soon now."

"Yes. He will come for me this morning." Dora was quickly at her side, and we knew there were watchers whom we couldn't see standing in the room. She who was so nearly passed all suffering was solicitous only for our comfort, and in quiet, loving tones, gave some little instructions. "You must keep well," she said, "for Robbie's sake, you must keep well and strong."

The nurse entered the room, but Carrie could take neither nourishment or medicine.

"I want nothing," she said. Her breathing became more laborious. The doctor arrived, but she could not swallow the medicine, and he held her hand, bade her good-bye and went away, promising to come in again during the morning. About six o'clock Robbie came into the room, kissed "little mamma," and stood close by her side.

There was no fear, no dread in all the scene. She could speak only in short, broken sentences. As I repeated the beautiful promises to her how her face kindled, as she smiled upon us, turning her dear face from one to the other. Even as she entered the river she said "the sun was shining on it." She did not shrink. The waters were not so cold nor so bitter. She had no fear, for she relied on the strong right arm of the Righteous.

Moved by a sudden impulse, about a half an hour passed away, Robbie rushed to her side, threw his arms about her, and holding her close, kissed her. She kissed her boy tenderly and said:

"God bless my baby."

It was her last blessing on earth. "Lord," she said in broken accents, checked by her troubled breathing, "into Thy hands I commend my spirit." Still she looked at us, smiling until a few moments before the end. She asked for a drink of orangeade, but could not swallow. "Even so," she whispered, "come quickly, Lord, Jesus." Her head fell back in my arms. Like a flash of sunlight the "bright white light" swept across her face, carrying away every line and mark of pain, every stain and cloud of disease, her face turned upward and her eyes grew strangely radiant. "Mother!" she called joyously as a tired child springing into a mother's arms, "mother! mother!" and she was folded in the arms of the angel mother who passed away when she was a child. Her face was as light as the starlight, her radiant eyes were not dimmed when we closed them, and for the first time in many years she slept without pain.

Velvet mosses cover the little mound where she sleeps, and graceful ferns fringe it around. She rests in the beautiful churchyard of quaint, old-fashioned Lower-Merion church. It was her own wish, made nearly a year ago.

I think the angels must have been glad to see her come. So many of them had ministered unto her and strengthened her in her pilgrimage of suffering, and I know they rejoiced when she came to be with them. There was never so brave, so patient a life among men; there could be no life braver among women.

## The Healing Power.

(D. Younger in Medium and Daybreak.)

These healing phenomena can be, are being, produced every day by a band of men and women, under the ban of the medical profession, who (with a few honorable exceptions) arrogate to themselves the monopoly of knowledge, and try to foment superstitious ignorance to the prejudice of true healing. But notwithstanding this, these proud pioneers of a noble cause are hourly demonstrating to the world all I have stated, and much more, which can be accomplished by this influence if well understood and properly imparted. It has not only the property of restoring the equilibrium of the vital forces, but of infusing a new life-power. It is not confined in its range; but all pains that flesh is heir to are rapidly dispersed and health restored. I do not mean to affirm that systems worn out by age and medical blundering, or the abuse of nature's laws, can be remedied; but this much I do say, that thousands of cases, in which the fashionable practice of the orthodox physician has miserably failed, have been restored by this power, without leaving behind any of those results, the victims of which we see crawling about in our midst daily, burdens to themselves and friends.

It is the great panacea by which the most startling cures the world has ever witnessed have been accomplished. The virtue that went out from Jesus into that poor, sick woman and gave her life, is different only in degree, not in kind. It is the power by which the disciples of Jesus went about performing the second command of the great teacher, "Heal the sick." To preach the gospel and heal the sick are injunctions so similar, that we can not properly do one without the other, and when the masses realize the force of those commands, and feel that they are both preachers and healers, as well as those specially set apart to perform those functions, we shall have life studded with noble purposes, and an incentive to every virtue. Life will thus be worth living.

Souls in sympathy are by this power attracted to each other, and although many grades lie between them, yet the influence of the higher will lift heavenward the lower, and the higher will draw from a more elevated source than himself. Thus by this power all may lift up their fellow-mortals, and be lifted up themselves, by drawing from others, whether mortal, spirit or divine. Let us thus draw until we are made whole, healthy, happy, saved. To save a man, as I understand it, is to make him healthy, hopeful, better in life, and lead out his spiritual aspirations; for disease, instead of being natural or God-sent, as is often blasphemously asserted from our pulpits and other interested sources, is horribly unnatural, and the result of sin, ignorance and wilful neglect of those laws founded for the regulation of health, happiness and domestic felicity. It is this disobedience, notwithstanding the exhortations of the self-styled ministers of God to humility, and to contentment under affliction and poverty; poverty, which is really the mainspring of crime and sin,—which is the leading cause of disease of both body and soul. Who, then, shall be responsible?

The actual perpetrator alone, or those who have the power but lack the benevolent will to imbue those a grade lower with the vital energy necessary to lift them superior to their sunken condition, but rather thrust them deeper into the slough of despond? There is not a man in the whole human family who has not felt the happy, healthy, energizing influence emanating from some nobler man, with purer mind and happier imagination than himself. The virtue that passes from a good man, be he prince or peasant, is the veritable mantle that fell from Elijah to Elisha; the same that passed from Peter to the cripple at the gate. It is the healing power that Paul sent in handkerchiefs and aprons, and is as subservient to the human will to-day as in those far back ages. Should any one doubt the ability of this power to perform all that I have ascribed to it, let them try for themselves. Nothing is easier. It is accessible to all, more or less, in common with all spiritual gifts. Seek the best gifts, in good faith, with the honest, honorable intention to try all things, prove all things, and to hold fast that which is good.

ECONOMY is the opposite of waste. It is the putting of things to their rightful use. I would have the laborers use that which they produce economically. That is, I would have them cease recklessly turning the dollars over to the idle under whatever name they may conceal their identity, and would have them apply them to the supplying of themselves and their families with all the comforts and conveniences of life. There is enough for all the laborers if only they consumed, and if there is not labor can create more. As for the idle, let them have the pennies, the crumbs which are not of sufficient value to the industrious to be worth gathering from the floor. Let them glean after the laborers if they wish. They will learn by and by that which the laborer will not gather up can be more cheaply produced than saved, and learning this they will themselves become producers, and idleness will cease. Then will every man sit under his own vine and fig tree, and then will all men know God.—Roll Call.

INFALIBILITY.—Is it at all surprising that the number of those who hold the opinions of the church in light esteem should so rapidly increase? How can that be received as a trustworthy guide in the invisible which falls into so many errors in the visible? How can that give confidence in the moral, the spiritual, which has so signally failed in the physical? It is not possible to dispose of these conflicting facts as "empty shadows," "vain devices," "fictions coming from knowledge so-called," "errors wearing the deceitful appearance of truth," as the church stigmatizes them. On the contrary, they are stern witnesses, bearing emphatic and unimpeachable testimony against the ecclesiastical claim to infallibility, and fastening a conviction of ignorance and blindness on her.—Dr. Draper.

SEVERAL years ago an Illinois man quit chewing tobacco, but recently he began again. The first day he enjoyed it so much that he used up thirty-five cents' worth of navy plug, and then was taken sick, and for two or three days acted very like a man with delirium tremens.

A BRIGHT-EYED little girl, on being taught by her orthodox mother that Jesus was God, and that he was in heaven at the right hand of God the Father, said: "Why, mamma, how can God be on the right hand of herself?"

## SOUTH PACIFIC COAST RAILROAD.

PASSENGER TRAINS LEAVE STATION, FOOT of Market Street, SOUTH SIDE, at  
8:30 A. M., daily, for Alameda, Newark, Centerville, Alameda, Santa Clara, SAN JOSE, Los Gatos, Wright, Glenwood, Felton, Big Trees, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and all way stations—Parlor Car.  
2:30 P. M., (except Sunday), Express: Mt. Eden, Alameda, Newark, Centerville, Alameda, Agnew, Santa Clara, SAN JOSE, Los Gatos, and all stations to Boulder Creek and SANTA CRUZ—Parlor Car.  
4:30 P. M., daily, for SAN JOSE, Los Gatos and intermediate points. Saturdays and Sundays to Santa Cruz.  
\$5 Excursion to SANTA CRUZ and BOULDER CREEK, and \$2.50 to SAN JOSE, on Saturdays and Sundays, 10 P. M. to Monday inclusive.  
\$1.75 to SANTA CLARA and SAN JOSE and return—Sundays only.

8:30 A. M. and 2:30 P. M., Trains with Stage at Los Gatos for Congress Springs.

All Through Trains connect at Felton for Boulder Creek and points on Felton and Pescadero Railroad.

## To Oakland and Alameda.

8:00 A. M., 8:30 A. M., 9:00 A. M., 9:30 A. M., 10:00 A. M., 10:30 A. M., 11:00 A. M., 11:30 A. M., 12:00 P. M., 12:30 P. M., 1:00 P. M., 1:30 P. M., 2:00 P. M., 2:30 P. M., 3:00 P. M., 3:30 P. M., 4:00 P. M., 4:30 P. M., 5:00 P. M., 5:30 P. M., 6:00 P. M., 6:30 P. M., 7:00 P. M., 7:30 P. M., 8:00 P. M., 8:30 P. M., 9:00 P. M., 9:30 P. M., 10:00 P. M., 10:30 P. M., 11:00 P. M., 11:30 P. M., 12:00 P. M., 12:30 P. M., 1:00 P. M., 1:30 P. M., 2:00 P. M., 2:30 P. M., 3:00 P. M., 3:30 P. M., 4:00 P. M., 4:30 P. M., 5:00 P. M., 5:30 P. M., 6:00 P. M., 6:30 P. M., 7:00 P. M., 7:30 P. M., 8:00 P. M., 8:30 P. M., 9:00 P. M., 9:30 P. M., 10:00 P. M., 10:30 P. M., 11:00 P. M., 11:30 P. M., 12:00 P. M., 12:30 P. M., 1:00 P. M., 1:30 P. M., 2:00 P. M., 2:30 P. M., 3:00 P. M., 3:30 P. M., 4:00 P. M., 4:30 P. M., 5:00 P. M., 5:30 P. M., 6:00 P. M., 6:30 P. M., 7:00 P. M., 7:30 P. M., 8:00 P. M., 8:30 P. M., 9:00 P. M., 9:30 P. M., 10:00 P. M., 10:30 P. M., 11:00 P. M., 11:30 P. M., 12:00 P. 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